

MAINE FARMER

AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation
of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Dr. Barber's Lightning Splitter.

We last week, examined a model of an apparatus for protecting buildings from damage by lightning. It is the invention of Joseph Barber M. D. of Gloucester Mass., who obtained a patent for it two or three years ago. The principle of it is founded upon the well known law, that points throw out or disperse the electric fluid, and that any conducting body, full of sharp points, cannot easily be charged with the fluid. Dr. Barber, availing himself of the knowledge of this fact, has constructed a sheet copper dome, say about three feet in diameter and about a foot and eight or nine inches in height, surmounted by a short metallic rod armed with points. Strips of copper are attached to the dome, having their sides armed or jagged with sharp points, so that it presents an innumerable mass of them in every direction. This dome is mounted on the top of a building, on a stout pole or column, which is covered with paint and varnish, and is thus completely insulated. Whenever a cloud or a quantity of electricity comes within the neighborhood of it, so as to communicate with the dome, it will receive it and throw it out in the form of innumerable minute streams, and thus, by destroying the accumulated mass, renders it harmless. It divides and conquers. The whole apparatus of the above size is calculated to defend a surface one hundred feet square, and is quite an ornamental appendage to a building.

In this way, none of the lightning can be conducted to the earth, and the accidents which often happen by the common conductors, such as being imperfectly connected, or of not being large enough, cannot occur. We understand that several have been put upon buildings, and the experiment has been attended with success. Many are fearful, however, when they learn that there is no conducting connection from the apparatus to the earth, that the electricity would accumulate in the dome and do much damage, or that so large a quantity might come suddenly upon it that the points could not disperse it. The first objection is entirely groundless, for the points will disperse it so thoroughly that it cannot accumulate. The instant it begins to enter it must also begin to depart. To the second objection we can only say that there might be a contingency when it would occur, but there are ninety-nine chances that it would not occur to one where it would. It must be, when the atmosphere was exceedingly dry and the amount of electricity uncommonly large. Judging from known laws of electrical action the apparatus must be safe and efficient.

Experience will determine the fact, but our friend Barber must not be disappointed if the community are slow in adopting his plan. They were so when Franklin invented the lightning rod; and many, to this day, are faithless in regard to its utility, while others, for the sake of saving a little money, will run all the risks of lightning and all other destructive elements. We hope, however, that he will finally meet with the satisfaction of seeing his principles tested and adopted, and be rewarded in a manner that shall repay him for the expenditure of his time and money, and as his ingenuity deserves.

The Season.

According to the signs of the times, we shall have an overflowing crop of hay, grain, and potatoes—a fair supply of fruit, and a precious small crop of Indian corn. The weather, since summer commenced, has been cold and wet, and the nights invariably cold. This makes the corn look stunted and yellow enough. It is all for the best—the hay and grain crop is the great staple crop after all, and if these are prevented it makes Maine feel poor. Give us a crowded barn and we can afford to dispense once in a while with a full corn crib, as valuable and useful as it is.

Stock Raising.

Maine is well adapted to the raising of stock. In this branch of business we have but little to fear from the competition of the South and West, for it is generally admitted that we can raise the best stock. Our many hills of rich pasturage furnish an excellent summer feed for numerous flocks and herds. In the winter they may be kept upon straw, fresh meadow hay and roots, nearly or quite as well as upon English hay alone. It is undoubtedly our true policy to raise a goodly portion of stock—as much as we can keep well and turn profitably; yet the most successful farming requires that the raising of stock and the other branches of farming be kept

together, for they mutually assist and strengthen each other. We must attend to our stock if we would have it profitable. "It costs as much," says the late Judge Buel, "to keep a poor cow, a poor sheep, or a poor hog, having reference to breeds, as it does to keep a good cow, a good sheep, or a good hog. And yet such is the difference in the breeds of animals, and sometimes between individuals of the same breeds, that the good animals will return twice, thrice, and sometimes four times as much in product as the poor ones, for the expense of their keep. It is by judiciously selecting good animals, and by taking proper care of them, that the favorite breeds of domestic animals have been brought to their present state of unrivaled excellence in Europe. An observance of the same rules will produce the same results here in due time, that has resulted from their observance in Europe." After we have obtained good breeds, it requires care and attention to keep them from deteriorating. An animal, naturally inferior, with good management, may be more profitable than a superior animal which is always neglected and abused. R.

Peaches.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I was once in conversation with Doctor Waterhouse of Cambridge Mass., at his house, when he gave me some very good peaches to eat. I observed to him, that we could have no such luxury in Maine where I lived. He said that it was our ignorance of the manner of raising the trees. Said he, "your winters are cold and your summers hot, your peach trees grow so fast in summer that your severe frosts in winter kills them. You have only to take away the soil wholly down to the pan where you wish to locate your trees. Sow your peach stones, then in the fall or near the setting in of the winter; they will vegetate in the next spring, and towards fall, if you perceive that any branches have grown too much, so that the winter will be likely to kill them, take away a little of the top, stake around and keep your cattle from them, and keep your ground poor. And in a few years you may have plenty fruit. They are a short lived tree, and you must sow or set out young ones often. I came home and planted the stones which he gave me exactly as he directed, and in a few years I had a plenty of excellent peaches. After having taken off many to eat and give away, I well remember to have harvested a half bushel full from one of the young trees. No care was afterwards taken of the trees or grounds, I having left the premises, of course all went to ruin. I name this to show that there is no difficulty in our raising peaches, which I hope we shall do, as most people like them and may have them if they are not too lazy. S. WOOD.

Poultry.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Not long since, I saw in your useful paper, an opinion mentioned by a calculating widow, who kept a cow and 15 hens. She was of opinion that the hens were as much profit as the cow. I am no friend to advising farmers to keep fowls, if they allow them to run at large, destroying their gardens and doing other mischief. But it is found that they can be controlled at a very little expense, for they will not fly over a fence made of long strips of board well sharpened at the top. If a fence thus made is not more than four or five feet high, or even less, as they cannot light on a sharp point they may be kept without trouble. The enclosure should be situated so as to enclose a grass plat, for hens are very fond of green grass; and some sour milk will sustain them well in summer with pulverized lime &c. It is no use to do any thing unless we are prepared for it. There must be an aviary or hen roost placed near by, say 20 feet square, double boarded, plastered &c., and made warm for them to lodge in and lay their eggs, inside divided and boxed properly. A smart laid hen 2 or 10 years old can tend 20 or 30 hens. Will farmers build such a camp for their hens? The aviary or roost, should be situated adjoining the grass enclosure. All farmers may not know that buck-wheat causes hens to lay more eggs than corn; nor do they all know that they eat grass readily, and are thereby sustained in summer with the addition of drink. A farmer at my elbow inquires, "whoever heard of a hen pasture?" I answer, none but an unthinking goose but knows they do eat certain kinds of grass, (clover for instance). Although they may not be considered grassivorous, yet it supports them as above stated.

If farmers who have a suitable pasture adjoining a stream or pond of water, would keep geese largely, it could not be profitable. Only consider how much money is yearly sent out of this State for feathers; to say nothing of the food they supply their owners with. How they may be kept in winter, those who have kept them can tell best. Unless the business is gone into to some extent, like all others, it may as well be let alone. S. Durham, April 1843.

Reflections on the Floricultural World.

"I have often been surprised," says a fine writer, "to find those who possessed a very acute susceptibility of artificial or literary grace, and were powerfully affected by the beauties of a poem, a piece of sculpture, or a painting, not at all more sensible of the charms of a tree or a flower, than a common or inelegant spectator. They have dwelt with rapture on a fine description of the vale of Tempe, they have entered into all the delight which a Shakespeare or a Milton meant to communicate in their enchanting pictures of flowery and sylvan scenes, and yet can walk through a wood, or tread on a bank of violets and primroses without appearing to be affected with any peculiar pleasure. This is certainly the effects of a superficial judgment, for there is no truth of which philosophers have been longer convinced, than that the realities of nature infinitely exceed the most perfect productions of art." And these remarks are every way true; superficial indeed must that judgment be, which leads a man to imagine, that the study of flowers and their cultivation, particularly of that

portion called "florists' flowers," is beneath his notice; and which contains a world of beauties beyond the power of botanists to number up their tribes? even the serrated border of a single petal possesses an accuracy of delineation which no pencil can rival, for 'tis as difficult to "tint the rainbow, as to paint the flower." To whatever point of the creation we direct our attention, something productive of pleasure and instruction must necessarily present itself, an infinity of objects rise in beautiful succession before us to excite and gratify our natural ardor for variety. Each season of the year, may, each portion of the day, be rich in its own peculiar pleasure. When the sun glides the horizon with its glories, how unexpectantly beautiful does the landscape around us seem to glow. How sweet the melody of the woodland hymns—the brightening verdure of the meadow—the streams—the flocks and herds—with all the rich assemblage that our gardens and our groves present to gratify and please the senses and enliven the mind. The poets in every age have therefore been full of the sweet imagery, which the field of nature supplies, and lavish of the praise bestowed upon that portion of it more immediately under our consideration, flowers—as the lovely attendants of the seasons they are inexhaustible sources of decoration: thus spring is represented as a blooming youth, dressed in a flowing mantle of green, interwoven with flowers, a chaplet of roses on his head, and a jonquil in his hand, primroses and violets spring up spontaneously at his feet, and all nature seems to revive at his approach. Flora and Vertumnus attend him on either side.

Parent of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
At this season, the earth arrayed with the most beautiful and enlivening verdure, variegated with a numberless variety of lines, displays her rich collection of plants and flowers, and exhales odors exquisitely pure and fragrant, and those secret overflows of gladness are diffused over the soul, which compose what has been called the "smile of nature," or what Milton denominates "vernal delight."

Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbinds,
And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds.
Already now the snowdrops daisies appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripe year;
As Flora's breath, by some transforming pow'r,
Had changed an icicle into a flower;
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.
To these succeed the violet's dusky blue,
And each inferior flower of fairer hue;
'Till ripper months the perfect year disclose,
And Flora cries, exulting, "See my rose!"

Mr. Barbauld.
We have elsewhere spoken of the festivities which at an earlier period of our history were entered into with great eagerness by all classes, and the memory of which we have now nearly outlived, at the commencement of that month which has been denominated Flora's own, and of which Milton exclaims,

Hail! beauteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
The perfection of spring in this month has been a favorite subject. When the poets would describe the beauties of Paradise, and the felicities of the golden age, their spring flourishes in perpetual verdure, and smiles with everlasting pleasures. Thus Ovid,

The flowers unshaken in fields and meadows reign'd,
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
The summer season too, although distinguished only by uniformity of character, which the great poet of the *Seasons* has comprised in the events of a single day, is, however, redolent of beauty; and although nature seems to have finished her annual work in these temperate regions, and she begins to lose something of her variety, yet nothing can be more beautiful than the verdure of the woods and orchards; it is true the shades of hue which they exhibit are not so agreeable—the meadows begin to whiten, and the flowers are moved down that lately adorned them; but, as we before observed, we are better satisfied with the contrast that the seasons present to us, than if they continued to bloom with perpetual verdure—the mind is diversified and refreshed—whatever is beautiful and pleasing is improved by novelty, and a double enjoyment is thus afforded to us. This, therefore, is the reason why the groves, gardens, and fields, which at any season of the year are delightful to the view, are peculiarly so at the opening of spring, when their first gloss is upon them, and new and fresh they are not too familiar to the eye; by turns our own indigenous plants, and the exotic wonders of foreign lands, delight our senses with the most agreeable diversity: we admire the richness of their attire, and the fecundity of nature in their numberless species—each beautiful, from the lowly moss to the towering oak. We can wander from flower to flower, the eye unsatisfied with the view, and we can trace the source of life and beauty, the Author of every good, in each object around us. In the balsamic fragrance of the flowers we can behold that incense rise, which in mingled clouds roll soft to the great Creator, whose sun exalts, whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints.

For when I forget the darling theme,
Which to the soul's sweet music brings
Russet's leaf, inspiring the autumn gleams,
Or winter rime in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy faint no more,
And dead to joy forget my heart to beat.

Thomson.
Then again, Autumn, though clad in all the apparent sadness which the decaying verdure that so lately greeted the eye exhibits, yet has its beauties unknown to earlier seasons, as the various rich colors of the autumnal flowers present us with the dahlia, the aster, the chrysanthemum, and others. These have all been favorite subjects with the poet, and his fancy has drawn largely upon nature, how beautifully has Thomson described the autumnal tinting of the woods, until from the change and decay of the leaf, we are invited to contemplate its fall—a circumstance so striking, that the whole declining season has been emphatically called "the fall." The Abbe de Lille, in his beautiful poem *Les Jardins*, has been very happy on the same subject, although he has evidently borrowed from Thomson the most striking incident, "the falling leaf."

Que de variété, que de pompe et d'éclat!
Le pourpre, l'orange, le ponce, l'incarnat,
De leur riches couleurs étalent l'abondance.
Hélas! tout cet éclat marque leur décadence:
Tel est le sort commun. Bientôt les aquilons
Des dépouilles de bois vont joncher les vallons:
De moment en moment la feuille sur la terre,
En tombant, interromp le revers solitaire.

Chant II.
Which have been thus finely rendered into English: What pomp, what vast variety of hues
The woodland scenes adorn. The purple deep
Orange, and opal, and carnation bright,

To the eye their rich profusion spread.
Alas! how soon the autumnal tints decay,
Such common lot. The north winds soon
Their spoils will strew along the vale.
The leaves, that flourish'd to the ground,
And flowers, that startles such who musing stray
Lonely, through the solemn shades.

All our readers must be familiar with Thomson's beautiful lines, and from which the above have been clearly taken.
Now the leaf
Incessantly tumbles thro' the mournful grove;
Oft starting such a studious wretch below,
And almost circles thro' the waving air.
But a quicker breeze, among the bows
Of the leafy deluge streams:
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.

Winter, in our portion of the globe, presents but few of the floral beauties which richly adorn the other seasons, but we may yet, by the artificial arrangement of our stoves and green-houses, appropriate to ourselves some of the beautiful plants which flourish in the warmer regions of the earth. The talented author of the *Flora Hibernica* observes, "Formerly, Flora took her departure from this island when Ceres and Pomona made their appearance, as if the country was not sufficiently spacious to contain the three goddesses at one time, but since we have naturalized the plants of China and Florida to our climate, we have the delight of seeing these deities in perfect reconciliation. Walking hand in hand, and continuing their embraces until driven by Boreas to temporary shelter. By this happy union, which has been brought to such perfection by our indefatigable countrymen, the time of the flower season is so considerably lengthened, that what formed the dreary season of our ancestors, is now half expired before we perceive its approach. The vine is now seen suspending its purple clusters over the blushing petals of the China rose; the barberry bush hangs its crimson fruit over the variously-colored asters of China; the mountain-ash drops its clusters of coral berries over the richly painted dahlia of the new world; the juniper mixes its blue powdered berries as a contrast to the golden marigolds of Africa; the purple and sweet-scented white clematis entwines their branches with the native bramble, interweaving the happy gifts of Flora and Pomona in the same festoon; the Indian chrysanthemum waits to decorate its branches in all the hues of Iris, so as to rival and succeed the mellow fruits of the orchard. Thus we now see the well-dressed parterre clothed in the various robes of distant climes, cheering the month of November, and during the rigors of December, until its beauties are overtaken and hidden by the falling snow." Flowers may be considered, therefore, as the pride and glory of Creation, and the most beautiful display of Omnipotent Power in the vegetable kingdom. Not only are the favorite scenes of the poet, but the incidents also which they are most fond to embellish enriched with flowers. Thus Virgil makes the swain invite Galatea to the spot where Spring strews the river bank with flowers. Homer, to adorn the bed of Jupiter, makes the earth pour from her bosom unbidden herbs and flowers:

Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotus swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestow,
And flow'ry crocus made the mountain glow.

Some of the most delightful passages of our own poet Milton, are those in which he represents our first parents as employed in the cultivation of the blissful abode; and in a fine imitation of the above quotation from the *Iliad*, he employs the iris, jessamine, and rose, the violet, hyacinth, and crocus, to beautify the blissful floor of Eve. When our first parents take their evening repast, they recline on the soft downy bank damasked with flowers. When Adam awakes Eve in the morning, it is with a voice mild as when Zephyr breathes on Flora. And when he invites her to walk forth in the fields, it is to mark how the tender plants spring, how nature paints her colors, and how the bees in the bloom extracting liquid sweets. In these lines he seems to have had in his eye that beautiful passage in the Song of Solomon:

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields:
Let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early
to the vineyards: let us see if the vine flourish,
whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranate bud forth.

Shakespeare, in a charming similitude, compares an exquisite strain of music with its dying fall to the sweet south breathing on a bank of violets.
That strain again, it had a dying fall,
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

Twelfth Night.
The Elysian fields, those sweet regions of poetry, are adorned with all that fancy can imagine to be delightful. Homer describes the garden of Alcibiades in the richest poetry, and Ovid wanders with rapture through his garden. The Italian Tempe, Juvenal represents Lucan as reposing in his garden. Horace prayed for a villa in which there was a garden, a rivulet, and a grove; and Virgil languished for the enjoyment of rivers and woods, and the cool valleys of Mount Helmus; and it would appear from his *Georgics*, that he was not only a lover, but a great cultivator of rural scenes. Shenstone transferred his fine poetical paintings to his paternal grounds, and he has done so in most beautiful reality. The Abbe de Lille in France, and Mason in England, have published didactic poems on gardening, and invoked the sister arts of poetry and painting to aid them, as the attributes of both are engaged in it. The garden they consider the picture, the undombed and naked soil the canvas, and all the means of decoration as the pencil and colors with which the artist is to work.

To me the garden a vast picture seems:
Be painter then. The ample fields around;
Their varying shades unnumbered that display
The vivid rays of light, or mass of gloom;
The landscape, and the sun, and moon, and stars;
The circle of the year and circle of the day;
The meads in variegated beauty bright;
The ever cheering verdure of the hills;
The streams; the rocks; the rivers; and the flow'rs;
Thy pencils these, thy canvases, and thy tints.

Abbe de Lille.
We might go on to quote from almost every author of note, ancient and modern, to show the influence which a taste for the cultivation of flowers has had upon the imagination of the poet, and how much we are indebted to it for the pleasing and delightful pictures which they have respectively drawn from the floral beauties which surround us, scarcely a flowerer, however humble, but has been immortalized in poetry.—(Gardener and Practical Florist.)

The seventeen year locust has appeared in great numbers on Staten Island, and on the shores adjacent. On the island, the trees are swarming with them, and they are daily issuing from the ground in multitudes.

Things A Farmer Ought Not to Do.

1. A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more than he can do thoroughly, half-tilled land is growing poorer; when well-tilled land is constantly improving.

2. A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the first of December is already half wintered.

3. A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never buy fruit while he can plant trees, nor borrow tools when he can make or buy; a high authority has said the borrower is a servant to the lender.

4. The farmer should never be so ignorant in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to be ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

5. A farmer should shun the doors of a bank as he would the approach of the plague or cholera, banks are for traders and men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers have little to do.

6. A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember that if any one is said to possess that enviable distinction he is the man.

7. No farmer should allow the approach of neglected education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

8. A farmer should never use spirits as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue and the hard labor of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be a teetotaler.

9. A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wants to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of refused \$1, because he wanted \$1.03, and after keeping his wheat six months was glad to get 75cts. for it.

10. A farmer should never allow his wood-house to be empty of wood during the summer season if he does when winter comes, in addition to cold he must expect to encounter the chills of looks of his wife; perhaps he is compelled in a series of lectures, to learn that the man who burns green wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

11. A farmer should never allow a window to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does, he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who carries long at the whisky, leaving his wife and children to starve at home.

Trial of Ploughs.

Winchester, April 27, 1843.
The undersigned, who were present at a trial of the effective value of the ploughs mentioned below, have been requested to report the result of the trial, which is as follows.

The ground was a stiff clay, hard baked in soil. The ploughs that were in competition were the McCormick, Woodcock, Barnaby & Moore's double mould board. The latter named plough drew 150 lbs. lighter than the Woodcock, and 300 lbs. less than the McCormick; each plough running the same depth and turning the same furrow slice.

The work of the ploughs ran in this ratio—the Woodcock performed its work greatly superior to the McCormick, and the double mould board plough performed much better than either.

HECTOR BELL,
ISAAC PAUL,
AMOS LUTTON.
We were present at the trial above mentioned, and feel satisfied that the farmer's interest is much promoted in the use of the double mould board plough.—Ed. Win. Rep.

The Double Mould Board Plough, is manufactured and for sale by A. B. Lincoln & Co., for the Counties of Kennebec, Somerset and Franklin. See advertisement in another column.

"What Will Maine Do?"

This is a question we have often heard asked, during the past year in discussing the future business prospects of this State. The canals and railroads, connecting the immensely fertile regions of the great West with New York and Boston, and even with Portland, our own commercial capital, have greatly reduced the prices of most agricultural products. The Maine drover finds the farmers, not only of New England, and New York, but those of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, &c. competing with him in the Brighton cattle market. It is a fact that sheaves have been purchased there during the year, and taken to New Hampshire and Maine, and sold to the farmers. Wheat and corn it would be useless to think of raising to export. We may barely supply ourselves with rye, barley, beans, &c. Ultimately we can do little in wool. We may make our own cheese and butter, and raise poultry enough to supply the home market. The principal agricultural exports must consist in hay, potatoes, and apples. There is no danger that the supply in these articles will ever exceed the demand. Apples will not be exported for some few years to come, but if the farmers will give due attention to the subject of orcharding, two years hence they might form a stable and most profitable branch of the export trade. No part of the world is better adapted to raising fine winter apples than the greater part of our own State.

We may also turn our attention with a certainty of success to the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods, shoes, hats, and caps, and all kinds of carriages, and farming utensils, for which our numerous waterfalls seem to invite. The intelligence and energy of our population are well qualified to meet, and successfully, the competition of the world in most kinds of manufacturing business. Maine will one day be among the first manufacturing States in the Union.

For the present however, and for many years, the lumber business will be the principal export of our State. Lumber will always bear a fair price, as it has fallen less in the market than any other article—less than real estate. We have what no other State has in equal abundance, or quality, and our facilities for getting it manufactured, and exported, are greater than those of any other section. We think our exports of all kinds will exceed our imports this year, leaving us a handsome balance. We must recollect that if our exports bear a low price, so do our imports. If a yoke of oxen that the farmer formerly sold for one hundred dollars, will now bring only fifty, and so of every thing else he has to dispose of, the cotton cloth that he formerly gave 12 1/2 cts. per yard for, he now gets for 6 1/4—and the same of all he buys.

We have a broad sea coast, and many good harbors, and own much, and may own more navigation. We should do all our own carrying trade, and a vast deal for other sections. We should also supply, to a great extent, the South with fish, as well as hay, potatoes, and apples.

Maine has enough to do. She has the most am-

ple resources of wealth within her own borders. She has the healthiest climate in the world; and a population not excelled by any people on the Globe, for intelligence, enterprise, and persevering and productive industry.

The money she will receive in consideration of her assent to the boundary treaty, and for her expenses in the Aroostock war, will discharge \$500,000 of her debt. The other million may be paid at her convenience, out of the proceeds of her lands, and a light State tax. The enormous tax of this year, amounting to \$200,000 need not be repeated. With a little economy, and patience, the State and the people will get out of debt, within a few years. "What will Maine do?" Answer: MAINE WILL DO WELL. Her dearest hour is now passing away; and a bright clear day will follow the dark night of reckless speculations and bankruptcy.—Eastern Argus.

From the Berkshire Farmer.

Mr. Foot's Prize Essay.

"A good agriculturist will neglect no means of forming dung-heaps; it ought to be his first, and daily care, for without dung there is no harvest."—Chapman.

"The quantity of liquid manure produced by one cow annually is equal to fertilizing 1 1/4 acres of ground, producing effects as durable as do the solid evacuations. A cord of loam saturated with urine, is equal to a cord of the best rolled dung. If the liquid and solid evacuations, including the litter, are kept separate, and soaking up the liquid by loam, it has been found they will manure land in proportion by bulk of 7 liquid to 6 solid, while their actual value is 2 to 1. One hundred pounds of cow's urine afford 25 lbs. of the most powerful salts, which have ever been used by farmers. The simple statement, then, in figures, of the difference in value of the solid and liquid evacuations of a cow, should impress upon all the importance of saving the last in preference the first.—Dana's Muck Manual p. 171.

Urine is always a most valuable manure. No farmer should permit it to run to waste, but should so prepare his cattle-yard by loam or swamp muck, and by plaster, as to save these invaluable products of his stable, and of his own dwelling. As the urine is commonly mixed with the solid excrements in the barn-cellar or cattle yard, it increases the value of this manure, it promotes its decay, and adds its own salts; but if the whole is exposed to the influence, of atmospheric agents, it facilitates their action, and aids in depreciating its value; hence it is generally wholly lost to the farm. Farmers ought to know this, and to be apprized of the fact, that at least one-half of their manure is wasted.—Gray's Elements of Agriculture, p.

"Upon all our farms the dung of quadrupeds is exposed to the open air, without the protection of a shed, as soon as it is removed from the stables; and is thus washed by the rains, which carry off all the salts, urine, and soluble juices, and form of the foot of the manure a rivulet of blackish fluid, which is either wholly evaporated or lost in the ground. In proportion as fermentation advances, new soluble combinations are formed, so that all the nutritive and stimulating principles of the dung gradually disappear, till there remain only some weak portions of the manure, intermingled with water, which have lost all their goodness.—Chapman's Agricultural Chem. p. 55.

A Valuable Hint.

"To remedy as much as possible an abuse so injurious to agriculture, it is necessary at least to dig a deep ditch to receive all the juices which flow from the dung-heap, in order that they may be used in the spring upon the corn or grass land; or that they may be preserved to water the grass-lands with, after the first mowing. A large cask fixed upon a small cart, and which can be filled by means of a hand pump, is sufficient for this purpose. Beneath the top of the cask must be fitted a narrow least about four feet long, with the bottom pierced with holes, through which the liquid may be scattered. In this mode of watering, when used after mowing, produces wonderful effects upon the crop of the following year.—ib.

An Experiment.

In confirmation of the statement last quoted, the writer may be permitted to notice an experiment with liquid manure made by himself during the past year.—Some 150 gallons of liquid were kept in the month of October, from an evacuation beneath his horse-stable, and evenly distributed over a small area (perhaps 20 square rods) of old meadow land the soil a stiff clay loam, on which but little grass had grown for four or five years. When that area was mowed, about the first of August last, it was judged to yield at the rate of at least three tons to the acre! an increase of certainly not less than five, to one, and attributable to no other assignable cause than that dressing of liquid manure, of which too considerable portion must have been made of water.

Management of our Stables.

From facts like the above, we should be quick to gather lessons knowledge merely, (for they may be profitable), but lessons of that practical wisdom, which not only comprehends and appreciates what is good, but employs the best means of its attainment. Let our stables, receive a just share of attention: let the ground beneath them be shaped as being well adapted to prevent the waste of the liquids there, and also to the escape of the juices and gases from the heaps as they are formed without. And last, not least, an occasional sprinkling of plaster over floors will not only preserve such salts as would otherwise be lost by exhalation, but at the same time greatly contribute to the sweetness of the stables.

Merits of this System.

It is not imagined that the system now indicated for the preservation of our manure is a perfect one, securing all advantages desirable to be secured. It does not wholly protect the manure from the wasting action of the atmosphere, nor from liability to loss by infiltration and drainage. But, perhaps, considering the universality of its application, and the comparative ease and cheapness with which it may be adopted, it is the best that he recommended for general practice; In situations

where it is practicable, additional advantages may be unquestionably secured by the use of a barrelled machine which may be thrown into suitable positions, and the whole brought together into the richest of all manures by the voluntary labors of the swine. No doubt farmers will find their account in having their manure made in this manner, since by being thus protected, their most valuable portions (those which are in salt) will be preserved to a much greater extent than it is possible for them to be in the open air.

Comparative value of Manures.

The barney being the common receptacle of the excrements of the horse, the cow and the great object having been, thus far, to point out the best mode of saving the whole of them, the comparative value of these different substances has passed unnoted. In order, however, that the farmer may direct his labor to the preservation of his manure to the greatest profit, he should certainly have the benefit of all known facts on this point.

"The quantity of vegetable and animal matter in horse-dung is considerably larger than in cow dung. It is 27 to 14, or nearly double; and of course the quantity of nitrogen which it is capable of yielding is nearly double that of cow dung. Sheep dung is similar to horse dung, but contains a greater quantity of vegetable matter in a soluble state. It is also richer in salts, and the quantity of nitrogen is greater than in either of the preceding substances. Hog manure contains still larger quantities of soluble matter, and is capable of yielding a larger quantity of nitrogen in the form of ammonia. It ranks next in value to night soil, which has ever been celebrated as the most valuable substance used for manure."—*Gray's Agriculture*, p. 286.

"Experiments undertaken by order of the Saxons and Prussians authorities, varied with every form, and continued for a long period, prove that if a soil without manure yield a crop of three for one sown, then the same land dressed with cow dung, yields seven for one sown; with horse dung ten for one sown; with human manure 14 for one sown."—*Dana*, p. 143.

The Piggy.

Still greater care will here be requisite to 'see that the commonwealth receives no detriment,' inasmuch as the treasures at stake are of higher value, and from two circumstances more liable to waste; viz: there being a greater proportion of liquid excrements, and the solid portions being more exposed from the fact of their being constantly upturned by the rooting of the swine, and thus presenting every hour in the day fresh surfaces to the action of the sun and winds.

The former of these circumstances will be judiciously met by supplying the pens with an abundance of straw, leaves, sawdust, and the like; the latter by furnishing the pen with an occasional load of muck, and almost any quantity of weeds, pea and buckwheat straw, potato-vines, &c.—all of which will be rapidly converted into the most efficient supports of vegetable life.

It is suggested whether it would not be an improvement on the present system, were the yard and pen but one enclosure, consisting of an open area under cover, (with floors for eating only,) where the same use might be made of muck and litter as at present, and the whole completely shielded from the atmosphere.

The Priory Farm.

This, in proportion to the volume of its contents, should command a greater share of our solicitude than any other of the depositories of the firm manures. Consider simply the nature of the food from which the substances under consideration result, we might well suppose them to possess a superior efficacy in promoting the growth of the finer plants and grains;—a supposition which agricultural chemistry sustains with all experience in fully justifying it. So far, therefore, as the simple preservation of manure is concerned, it is doubtless from this quarter that the farmer can derive the greatest profit at the least expense.

Let the vault, then, (constructed with a due regard to convenience, as well as to the exclusion of air and moisture,) be carefully supplied, at proper intervals, with powdered charcoal alone, or with dry powdered ruck and gypsum, (the best of all substances for this purpose, but for which cut-straw, surface soil, ashes, and old lime may be substituted,) and the object will be fully accomplished. The liquid portions will be absorbed and the volatile products converted into fixed salts; the whole mass will become inodorous and inoffensive, (no small advantage to the family as well as to the farm,) and a goodly quantity of the richest of manures will be prepared for convenient application to the cultivated crops.

THE SUN-FLOWER.—The propagation of the sun-flower is a branch of domestic industry which has never yet, we think, received the attention which it deserves. There are but few vegetables that will more liberally repay the cost of cultivation, or that can be raised in a greater variety of ways. The soil best adapted to their cultivation is a light, rich, permeable soil of light and porous sand. It is credibly asserted that in many parts of New England from forty to sixty bushels of sun-flower seed are often harvested from a single acre, and that has been ascertained by actual and critical experiments, to be equally valuable for fattening hogs, fowls, &c., as the best description of corn. As to its value as a food for the swine, we can speak from actual experience, having for several years made use of it for that purpose to all other grains. As a feed for milch cows it is invaluable, giving a peculiar richness to the milk without communicating any unpleasant flavor, which is not to be the case with cabbages, turnips, and the like. We have also thought that cows fed regularly on this food, give more milk, and that a larger quantity of butter may be made from a given quantity of milk, than when the cows are fed on corn alone. Hogs are also fond of the seed, but in feeding those voracious animals with it, care must be had not to supply them too bountifully, or to the full extent their appetites demand. If supplied liberally or in excess, it tends to promote flatulency, and a slight oversight or remissness in this particular has often resulted in serious loss.—*U. S. Farmer*.

LARD.—The western newspapers seem to consider it as a settled fact that the use of lard oil will soon become very general, and consume the immense amount of pork raised in the great West. The manufacture of the oil is yet very imperfect, in comparison of what it will be when the machinery for it is perfected, and a knowledge of the art more fully acquired. The price of the commodity, also, it is said, will be considerably lessened, so as to make it an object in the score of economy, to substitute it for the whole oil.

The following is an estimate made by a manufacturer. In a hog weighing two hundred pounds, his hams and shoulders will make about one-fourth of his weight, which are worth as much per pound as will pay for the whole hog. This leaves one hundred and fifty pounds, which on the average, will render eighty pounds of lard. The expense of rendering is about 30 cents, and the pork at 83 per cwt., would make lard at 6 cents per pound. A gallon of lard oil will weigh about eight pounds, and as the stearine, the residuum after the oil is extracted, is worth more per pound than the oil, it is safe to estimate a gallon of oil at 48 cents, and add 12 cents for manufacturing and wastage, makes the cost 60 cents.

The Oregon.—An expedition for the Oregon, was to leave Jackson county, Mo., on the 20th of last month. The company consisted of 500 persons, some with families. They had about one hundred and fifty wagons, drawn by oxen, together with horses for nearly every individual, and some much cows. They were to carry as much provision with them as possible, and some of the necessary implements of husbandry.

Emigration.—In a single train of cars, which arrived at Rochester one day last week, were from two to three hundred emigrants, on their way to Michigan and Wisconsin. They filled 17 cars.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—*Everett*.

Patent Case.

We have received a communication of some dozen or more pages from H. A. Pitts, most of which is a personal tirade against our darling self. It would be of no interest to ninety nine hundredths of our readers. If Mr. Pitts, on 'sober second thought,' insists upon its being published, we will do it. But the following from a responsible source, gives all the facts that the public care about.—*Ed.*

Messrs. Editors.—Under the head of "Patent Case," in your paper of the 27th ult., an article is published containing some material inaccuracies, which we trust you will take pleasure in correcting. The verdict in favor of Mr. Pitts for \$725 does not "include" cost, except that the jury in estimating damages doubtless took counsel fees and personal expenses of plaintiff into consideration in accordance with established principles in such cases—costs of travel, attendance, witnesses, deposition fees &c. follow, of course, as an incident to the verdict. In addition to this it is in the discretion of the Judge to triple the damages when judgment shall be rendered—making the amount \$2175.—Again it is stated that the defendant's counsel "moved an arrest of judgment and a new trial, which was granted"—this is incorrect; the motion has not been argued, of course a new trial has not been granted, it probably never will be. Instead of the parties being "about as far from a final judgment of their difficulty as ever," judgment will probably be rendered on the verdict at the next October term. A condensed report of the case, giving the various points assumed in defence, will perhaps appear in a few days.

Philosophy in Sport.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

"I rejoice to find you at so classical a pastime," said the vicar, as he approached Tom, who was busily engaged in spinning his top. The top, my boy, is a subject which the great Mantuan bard did not consider beneath the patronage of his muse; but hey-day! this is not the 'volans sub verbera turbo' of the immortal Virgil; the top of antiquity was the whirring top, the peg-top is a barbarous innovation of modern times; a practical proof of the degeneracy of the race. Even boys, forsooth, must now-a-days have their activity cramped by inventions to supersede labour: well may we regard the weapons, which our sturdy ancestors wielded, as instruments rather calculated for giants than men, if such pains be taken to instill into the minds of youth the mischievous spirit of idleness."

"My dear Sir," said Tom, who was always grieved at displeasing the vicar, "if it will gratify you, I will spin my whirring-top, for I have an excellent one which my papa has lately given me."

"Well said! my dear boy. 'Puer bonus spei'—What a pity would it be to damp so noble spirit; get your whirring-top."

"Tom accordingly placed the Virgilian top upon the ground, and as the boy plied the whirring-top, so did the vicar lash the air with his quotation; running round the top in apparent ecstasy, while he repeated the well known lines from the seventh Æneid:—

"Ille ætus habena
Curvatis fertur spatii; supet insula torba,
Impubescere minus, mirata vocibus æna;
Dant animos pluge."

As Mr. T. twaddled thus gave vent to that fervor which was ever kindled by collision with Virgil, Tom gave motion to his top, which swayed about with such an air of self-importance, that, to the eye of fancy, it might have appeared, as if proudly conscious of the encomiums that had been so liberally lavished upon it.

"The Grecian boys," as Suidas informs us, played also with this top," continued the vicar.

"And pray, may I ask," said Mr. Seymour, "whether it was not introduced into this country by the Romans?"

"Probably," replied the vicar. "Figures representing boys in the act of whipping their tops first appear in the marginal paintings of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century; at which period, the form of the toy was the same as it is at present, and the manner of impelling it by the whip can admit of but little if any difference. In a manuscript, at the British Museum, I have read a very curious anecdote which refers to Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First; with your permission I will relate it to you."

Here the vicar extracted a memorandum book from his pocket, from which he read the following note:—

"The first time that he, the prince, went to the tower of Sterling to meet the king, seeing a little without the gate of the tower a stack of corn, in proportion not unlike to a top, whirring in the wind, he said to some that were with him, 'Lo, there is a goodly toy,' whereupon one of them saying, 'Why do you not play with it then?' he answered, 'Set you it up for me, and I will play with it.'"

"Was not that a clever retort of the young prince?" said the vicar, as he returned the memorandum into his memorandum-book; "and I think it must have confounded the courtier who could have asked so silly a question!"

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Seymour, "let us see whether you can set up your own top, so that it shall stand steadily on its point."

"I have often tried that experiment," answered Tom, "but could never succeed in keeping the line of direction within its narrow base."

"And yet, when in rotatory motion, its erect position is maintained without difficulty; how is that?"

"Is it not owing to the centrifugal force?" asked Tom.

"Undoubtedly; but as the subject is highly interesting, I will endeavour to explain it."

"The wooden engine flies and whirling about, admiring, with clamors, of the headless soul, they hush about; each other they provoke, and lead their little souls at every stroke."

DRYDEN.

more fully. You must, however, first obtain permission from the vicar to spin your whirring-top, for that will better illustrate the phenomena which it is my wish to examine."

"If your object is the exercise of the body, let us spin the whirring-top," replied the vicar; "but if you wish to exercise the mind, I cannot object to your selecting the top best calculated to fulfil that desire."

Tom having accordingly prepared his top, pulled the string, and set the wooden machine spinning on the floor.

"Now, Tom, I will explain to you the reason of the top being able to sustain its vertical position. You have already learned, from the action of the sling, that a body cannot move in a circular path, without making effort to fly off in a right line from the centre; so that, if a body be affixed to a string, and whirled round by the hand, it will stretch it, and in a greater degree according as the circular motion is more rapid."

"Certainly," said Tom.

"The top, then, being in motion, all its parts tend to recede from the axis, and with greater force the more rapidly it revolves; hence it follows that these parts are like so many powers acting in a direction perpendicular to the axis; but, as they are all equal, and as they pass all round with rapidity by the rotation, the result must be that the top is in equilibrium on its point of support, or on the extremity of the axis on which it turns. But see, your top is down."

"And what is the reason, asked Tom, 'of its motion being stopped?'"

"I can answer that question, papa," said Tom; "it is not owing to the friction of the ground?"

"Certainly; that has, doubtless, its influence; but the resistance of the air is also a powerful force upon this occasion. A top has been made to spin in vacuo as long as 24 hours. But come, Tom, spin your top once more. Observe," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, "how obliquely the top is spinning. It is now gradually rising out of an oblique position;—now it is steadily spinning on a vertical axis;—and now its motion is so steady, that it scarcely seems to move."

"It is sleeping, as we call it," said Tom.

"Its centre of gravity is now situated perpendicularly over its point of rotation; but attend to me," continued Mr. Seymour, "for I am about to attempt the explanation of a phenomenon which has puzzled many older and wiser philosophers than yourselves. It is evident that the top, in rising from an oblique to a vertical position, must have its centre of gravity raised; what can have been the force which effected this change?"

"Was it the centrifugal force?" asked Tom.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Seymour, "as I will presently convince you."

"Then it must have been the resistance of the air," said Tom.

"No; nor was it the resistance of the air," replied his father; "for the same effect takes place in vacuo."

"Then pray inform us, by what means the top was raised."

(To be continued.)

Page 180.

§ Short on 'Sermon's Horizontal Top.' Phil. Trans. vol. xvii. p. 352.

From the Northern Light.

Political Economy as a Science, AND THE TARIFF.

BY ISAAC K. LIPPINCOTT.

This science, like others, embraces a variety of subjects, and hence must require a variety of rules and propositions to include them all. Some of the doctrines laid down by writers on political economy are so simple and incontrovertible as to be obvious to the most ordinary comprehension, as soon as presented; and others are so complex in their nature, and consist of such a variety of combinations and contingencies, that from a few simple elements, (as in chemistry,) a variety of results are produced by a difference of combination; and this is the reason why these sciences are not generally received and understood alike by all persons. Some individuals, associations and parties combine one parcel of the materials, and others put together other parts of a different kind and nature to accomplish the same result, omitting, perhaps, the most important part, and in this lies the error; and from it differences of opinions and views spring up and prevail. As well might we expect the mercury in a thermometer to stand at the same degree, at the same hour of a particular day of one year, throughout the whole of a century, as to expect the general rules of political economy to always produce the same effects, without all taking into account the different minor and collateral causes that are constantly operating to produce different results.

"The force of these remarks," are intended as a reply to an article in the Northern Light of January last, by Mr. Burwell. In that article, he contends that a whole sentence of mine in the October No., 1841, "is directly opposed to one of the first principles of political economy," which is, "that no nation can buy and pay for more than it sells." He then puts the question, "How can this country import and pay for more than it exports?"

This is strictly true as a theory, but Mr. Burwell has himself shown (and therefore no answer is required of me) that in practice, as applied to our country, it is not applicable on account of the great extent to which artificial banking and credit systems have prevailed; and that great quantities of goods have thereby been brought in that will never be paid for. It is also a fact that part of the payments have been made in the precious metals, and our currency and commerce greatly disturbed thereby, much to the detriment of the country.

This importing more goods than we could pay for has been a great injury to our manufacturers and solvent importers; because the goods not paid for have been sacrificed at auction, to the great loss of those importers who paid for their goods, and to our manufacturers of rival products. I admit that the specie sent abroad is obtained by our own industry, unless it be produced "by our vicious system of merchandizing on credit." But, by the "vicious system" of free trade, before the machine could be fully set in motion, credit would be destroyed, and our hard cash sent abroad, so that we should have neither cash nor credit left in the country. Credit, and the basis of a credit currency would depart, and the question incurs, would this change be beneficial, and is it desirable? This I have already answered in my previous communications.

When first I read the article of Mr. Burwell, it seemed to require no reply from me; for he has himself shown how this country had imported (but not "paid for") more than it exports, which is all that I contended for; and these heavy importations on individual, state and corporation credit, have brought the country to the condition we are now sadly experiencing; but the operation of the tariff passed by the last Congress is rapidly bringing in the precious metals, which, if let alone, will gradually furnish a sufficient circulating medium, restore confidence, and again make the country "prosperous and happy." Having another object now in taking up my pen, viz: to show how the new tariff is operating, I will dismiss this subject by remarking that I think his sentence, in which he introduces "her thousand and one best things in the world," uncalled for. I now propose very briefly to show why it is that more general and apparent benefits have not already resulted from the new tariff.

1st. The great and general explosion of our banking and credit system has so shaken and destroyed confidence and credit, that it will require a long time to fully recover from the shock.

2d. Under the operation of the compromise act, and the rapidly reduced rates of duties on foreign imports in 1841 and '42, such large amounts of goods were brought into the country, and such a large amount of specie was exported to pay for them, that we were left deficient in the circulating medium, and the large amounts then imported gave such heavy supplies, that but little is now wanted, and consequently importations are very light."

3d. This general explosion has caused the suspension of nearly all the great and extensive internal improvements in the country, and the thousands of hands employed by them who were then consumers, and not producers of agricultural products, are now a large portion producers of enough for their own consumption, and much more; to which must be added those of other manufacturing establishments engaged in iron and other manufacturing establishments that have been compelled to stop their operations, and thus a great surplus of agricultural products is produced, for which there is not a sufficient demand and remunerating prices.

4th. The crops of grain in England and other countries of Europe were so good last year that they want none or very little from this country; and what little they do take, is chiefly sent to England through Canada, going that way at a lower rate of duty, and giving employment to British shipping.

The British corn laws are so arranged, by their sliding scale of duties, that when their crop of wheat is good, ours is virtually prohibited; but when their crop fails, they are very considerable from this or other countries, which makes to our farmers a very fluctuating market, and this is a strong argument in favor of a protecting tariff; for if our tariff is so high that foreign goods cannot be brought in and pay the duties, European goods will bring their capital and workmen here to make the goods, and then our farmers will be sure to feed those who manufacture the goods they consume; and that, too, on cheaper food, with lighter taxes, and without the expense of the goods and the produce exchanged for them, paying a freight of three thousand miles in crossing the ocean to make the exchanges, as well as duties on both sides; and this will give a more steady market, and a sure one, instead of a very precarious one.

Is it any wonder, then, that all our agricultural products are so very low, and the country so much depressed, seeing the various combining causes that have produced this condition? Is it any wonder that there is a general stagnation in all branches of business, now when the ability of our farmers, who are the principal customers to all other classes, is so much curtailed to buy and consume goods?

The country has been excited to a state of seeming but artificial prosperity, and again thrown back to a condition of great perplexity, and will require time, economy and prudence to recover from the shock.

The new tariff is now operating well to bring specie into the country, and a steady stream is setting in. This will go into the vaults of the banks, and form a basis for a sound and safe paper currency, sufficient for all regular, legitimate business, and bring the financial condition of the country to be sound and healthy.

The want of a sufficient circulating medium to make the exchanges of property required for a healthy and prosperous trade, tends greatly to diminish the consumption of many articles; so that, in most branches of mechanical and manufacturing production, although the supplies are diminished, yet the demand is still more diminished; and hence there are surplus stocks on the market, and prices fall so that the producers are compelled to submit to not only a greatly reduced demand, but to greatly reduced prices and profits also.

Should money again become generally plenty, as it already is in the hands of capitalists, and be easy to be had by those who can give the requisite security, or desirable property in exchange for it, and if our tariff rates of duties are not materially lowered, yet as our great system of internal improvements is either abandoned or suspended, and will not again be put in active operation so much as it was to make a great demand for labor and for all the products of capital and labor, as it has heretofore done, and as there is a power and capacity in the country to produce in all departments to which our country is adapted, more than sufficient for our consumption; therefore, with good crops and prosperous seasons, and without a good and unexpected foreign demand, our farmers' produce and all other domestic products must range at low prices for a long time, and I think I may say, all time to come, as compared with prices that have prevailed at two periods within the last thirty years.

This condition of things will tend to reduce the interest of money in the market, and if that should be permanently the case, the value of real estate may rise when all the products of capital and labor shall be low.

There may be some persons who are in favor of a protecting tariff, and who believe that the rates of duty on some articles are too high. If we admit that to be the fact, and that our agriculture and manufactures might have been sufficiently protected with some articles at lower rates, yet if in this there be an error, it is on the right side, and I cannot see that it can do any mischief; for the changed condition of the country, and the great change in public opinion as to our banking and internal improvements, (the latter carried on with foreign borrowed capital,) will prevent any of those effects asserted by Senator Calhoun to flow from a high tariff, in unduly expanding the currency, raising prices, and generating a spirit of reckless speculation, because sad experience has proved the injurious effects of over-banking, and of borrowing hundreds of millions of foreign capital to construct unproductive railroads and canals, and receiving the proceeds of these foreign loans in foreign currency. Our distressed condition has not been the effect of the tariff, but of other causes in spite of the tariff; and in combination with a constantly reducing tariff; and it reached its crisis at the time that the tariff was at the lowest, in 1842.

The present condition of the world is such, that until some great change, by war or famine, comes over one of the great Christian nations, abundant supplies of food and raiment, with moderate demand and low prices, are likely to prevail; and that, too, with an abundance of money in the hands of bankers and great capitalists, with some distress to the destitute, and ruin to many of those who are largely in debt on old high price contracts. The lower our tariff, the lower our prices must range, and the more distress will prevail among the debtor and creditor classes, so that a change must be injurious. If, under the present tariff, the revenue is deficient, it will not be bettered under a lower one, and we have legitimate subjects of import in tea and coffee; but the best and most reasonable mode of making our revenues meet our expenditures, is by reducing salaries and official compensation so as to conform to the greatly reduced means of payment and expense of living; and it is full time that all honest men, of all parties, should join in a reformation of this abuse, excessive compensation for official services.

If reason and moderate counsels could hold dominion over our national legislature, our laws might be altered as experience should dictate; but while party policy and sectional prejudice hold sway, there is great danger that if the new tariff be disturbed, instead of being made better, a change might be made that will throw us back in the march of sound and healthy prosperity, which is gradually and slowly, but perceptibly coming over the country.

I would therefore forewarn all free men to be wary of their ways and doings, and let well enough, or what will soon be as well as we can expect and deserve, alone.

Freehold, May 2, 1843.

A NEEDLE MANUFACTURER.—Among the curious things I was permitted to examine at Haverstraw, nothing awakened so much interest as the manufacture of needles. Let every good housewife rejoice with me. We are no longer to be dependent on foreign countries for an article of such primary necessity as needles. This I am told,

is the first attempt of the kind in America, and is now almost perfected. I saw needles in various stages of the processes by which they are made from the wire prepared on the same premises; and was surprised at the facility afforded by the curious machinery which human ingenuity has invented to lessen the manual labor, and multiply the results of the numerous operations. The wire is first cut into lengths, which will make two needles each. Depressions where the eyes are to be made, and where the grooves are found in the finished article, are stamped in both needles by a single stroke of the machine, with which a single hand can turn off 30,000 a day.

It is then turned over to a boy, who, with another machine, pinches the eyes, and again another separates the two needles, and smooth away irregularities left or made by the former processes. But the eye of the needle is still rough, and must be bored by another process, which leaves it so smooth as not to cut the thread. After this a man grinds a hundred at a time on a common grindstone, holding them in one hand and giving them a perfectly rotary motion with the right, so that when the operation is finished, they must be round as well as sharp. They are now to be "case-hardened," and finally, burnished, all which is done by simple processes, in which immense numbers can be subjected to the operation at the same time.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Exhibition.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday the 27th and 28th inst.

PRIZE DECLARATION, Tuesday, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M.

ANNIVERSARY of the CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY, Wednesday, 10 o'clock A. M.

Address by CHARLES F. ALLEN.

ORIGINAL PERFORMANCES of the Students, Wednesday afternoon.

S. ALLEN, Principal.

Kent's Hill, June 19, 1843.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for April, MASON'S N. Y. Edition, has come to hand, containing articles on the following subjects:

1. History of the Rights of the Nations of Europe from the Peace of Westphalia to the Congress of Venice, by HENRY WHEATON, minister of the U. States to the Court of Berlin.

2. Poems by Alfred Tennyson.

3. 6th, 7th, and 8th Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, printed by the House of commons.

4. Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, by J. H. Jesse.

5. On the works of W. J. Hamilton, and Charles Fellows, respecting Asia.

6. The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir Wm. Jardine.

7. Father Oswald, a genuine Catholic Story.

8. Various Tracts, polemical &c.

This number is one of uncommon interest and instruction.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for May, MASON'S, N. Y. Edition with articles as follows:—

1. Grecian Legends and Early History.

2. History of Scotland, by P. J. Tytler, Esq.

3. Railway Travelling and the Toll Question.

4. Spinoza's Life and Works.

5. History of the Baptist Mission.

6. Willis' System of Logic.

7. The Plea of Insanity.

8. Journal of Disasters of Afghanistan.

9. Bailey's Reply to the Westminster Review.

10. The Corporation of London and Municipal Reform.

The same publisher's Reprint of the Christian Observer, for May, has come to hand;—a most valuable and instructive book for every christian mind, irrespective of secular distinctions.

PARTS 1 and 3 of the ENCYCLOPEDIA of SCIENCE, LITERATURE, and ART, have come to hand, through the attention of B. B. MESSER, bookseller, Boston. This work is being printed by the Harpers, New York, in 12 parts, of 112 pages each, at 25 cents per part, comprising the History Description and Scientific principles of every branch of human knowledge, with the derivation of all the terms in use, and illustrated by numerous wood engravings. A mere repetition of the title is sufficient to indicate the great and comprehensive utility of this publication.

Also, from the same source and press above named, we have received Nos. 18 and 19 of the Library of Select Novels, being THE LOST SHIP, or THE ATLANTIC STEAMER, by the author of "CAYENNE" JR. and THE FALSE HAIR, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., both works of fiction of a high order.

Messrs. T. H. Carter and Co., Boston, are bringing out a series of juvenile works of the most interesting order for the young, and adapted to the use of Sabbath Schools of all denominations, being wholly divested of sectarian and doctrinal sentiments. Great pains should be expended in the preparation of works for the beginner. It is not enough to have in view the learning of the child to read, but the importance of interesting them in what they read is incalculable. We believe that this consideration is most studiously appreciated by the publishers above named, and we invite all parents, guardians and instructors to render themselves acquainted with the productions to which we have referred.

Tobacco Chewers and Meeting-houses.

Messrs. Editors.—Two of the different societies met in our village last week for the purpose of washing and cleaning their houses of worship; at one of the houses I was present to assist in this meritorious object.

There is one subject that will always be brought in question on such occasions—I allude to the filthy practice of chewing tobacco in churches and spitting the juice on the floor of the pews; and some are even slovenly enough to spit on the sides, or in any direction the mouth of the reservoir happens to point. It was truly mortifying to be compelled to believe that a single man can be found who attends religious worship in this place, so regardless of what belongs to common decency, as to make a practice of chewing tobacco and spitting the juice in every convenient direction in the house of worship. But mortifying as a single case would be, the appearance of the meeting-house would not permit to stop in the denomination of units or even tens who are addicted to this nasty practice.

While engaged in cleaning the house, I was struck with the remarks of one of the ladies present, (for you know, Mr. Editor, the ladies in our town, I mean such as are worthy of the name, think it no disparagement to wash and clean their own houses or the houses in which they worship God,) afterwards had been scrubbing on various plates of tobacco juice with soap and sand, to extinguish the disgraceful stains, until her strength was nearly exhausted, she

spoke out in the following manner:—"I wish," said she, "I could be placed on some conspicuous eminence, and could speak loud enough to be heard by every tobacco chewer in this nation, I would say to them, and do it boldly, that I wish the first one who makes the attempt to spit tobacco juice in a house of public worship, may get choked with the filthy weed, and not be able to breathe until he gets fairly out of doors!"—and she added further in a low tone of voice, "I don't much care how long he is in getting out."

The circumstances under which this strong language was used, was truly aggravating; but was she not, Mr. Editor, a little too severe on those who are addicted to this aggravating and dirty practice? June 13.

Beware of Impostors.

DOCT. HOLMES, Sir.—An impostor, calling himself Henry Blake, and pretending to be deaf and dumb, has been lecturing in the towns in this vicinity for several weeks past, much to the edification of the people. I accidentally met him at Mercer village just as he had dismissed a very attentive audience, and instantly recognized in him the well known Sam Torrey, of lazy memory. I immediately extended my hand, and with the usual salutation enquired after his health. I told the people, a large number having soon collected, that he was an impostor—that he was not Henry Blake as he pretended, but that his real name was Sam Torrey—that I knew him well—that he worked for me when I resided in Winthrop as long as I could endure his laziness—that I could not be mistaken—but he was dumb—he opened not his mouth, but being threatened by the people that they would send him to jail as an impostor, he and behold! he immediately fell upon his knees and asked their forgiveness. He lectures partly by signs and partly by writing on slates, one of which some one in the congregation reads while he writes on the other. He pretends a great anxiety for the souls of sinners, and sometimes he is so animated with the sublimity of his subject that

ment are such as would indicate that a civil war is not far distant.

France.—The French Government have fully determined upon sending out a squadron to the Chinese seas, which will be placed under the command of a rear-admiral, for the purpose of forwarding the commercial and political relations of France with the Celestial Empire. Intelligence has been received at Paris, it is said, to the effect that the Emperor of China has consented to receive the French in his dominions on the same footing as the English.

The Courier Français says—General Boyer, Ex-President of the Republic of Haiti, is expected shortly at Paris. It is confidently stated that the greater part of his fortune is placed in the French funds. Apartments have been taken for him, and his friends are making preparations to receive him.

The harvest has a most promising appearance in the neighborhood of Paris.

Bunker Hill Celebration.
The procession left the State House at 10 o'clock and passed down Park-street. The third and fourth divisions filed in from the gate at the corner of the common on Tremont and Park streets, and the whole made a "circumambulation," through Elliot-street, Washington-street, State-street, Merchant-row, South Market-street, Commercial, Clerk, Hanover, Blackstone, and Haverhill-streets, over Warren Bridge, through Charlestown square, Maine, Franklin, and High streets, to the Monument square.

The procession occupied one hour and twenty-eight minutes in passing a given point, and was probably about three miles in length. As a general rule the platoons were about eight deep.

The display of the military companies was by far the most imposing part of the pageant, and probably exceeded any thing ever before exhibited in America. The number of companies was very large; but still it was not the number so much as the uniformity and discipline of the men, that made their appearance most imposing. All the companies appeared well—some of them splendidly; but it would be invidious to distinguish by name.

The splendid corps of National Lancers—probably the finest squadron of cavalry in the United States—appeared even in better than usual trim, and their horses well trained.—They led on the "ready host" in gallant style.

The French companies turned out in very respectable numbers; and it is so long since the people have seen a military procession, that the aprons and other insignia of the craft excited a good deal of curiosity.

The various Irish Societies also appeared in great numbers, and with a good deal of evident enthusiasm. We think there were at least two thousand Irishmen in the procession.

The procession by some oversight at one time became severed by a distance of nearly a third of a mile, and it was found rather difficult to unite it again. Indeed, the military (including the revolutionary heroes) may be said to have formed two processions—one chasing the other a great deal harder than the British followed the Yankees from the Hill in '75.

The Bradford Light Infantry Company bore with them the identical banner which was over their fathers on the bloody 17th June, 1775.

The President of the United States, his sons, and the President of the Association, rode in an open barouche drawn by six fine horses. The President kept his head uncovered most of the distance, but a negro slave stood on the outside of the carriage behind him, holding an umbrella over his head, not sufficiently low to prevent him from noticing and howling to the people, who waved their handkerchiefs from the windows.

When the "vanguard" (Lancers) reached Bunker Hill, the rear had hardly left Washington street. They turned around the brow of the hill and on the base, according to previous arrangement, and with the immense numbers who thronged every part of the open space, and avenue leading to it, formed one of the most imposing spectacles ever looked upon by mortal eye.

One of the old soldiers wore a hat the corner of which was pierced with a bullet hole, and ever and anon he directed his shaking fingers to it and with a trembling voice, said, "I got that near the spot where Warren fell!"—Another had a paper ball upon which was written in capital letters—"God bless the memory of Warren, posterity will appreciate his worth!"

At about half past 2 o'clock, Mr. WEBSTER commenced his Address, amidst a silence (after one grand round of applause as he rose) even in that vast multitude, as breathless, almost, as the grave.

THE ADDRESS.
Mr. Webster rose with much dignity and advanced to the foot of the platform. He was received with the most enthusiastic and reiterated shouts—and his first words were inaudible to the reporters.

He alluded to the completion of the noble design of the Monument, and the lapse of eighteen years since he stood upon that spot to assist in laying the Corner Stone, in language which caused the mighty mass before him to shout and shout again, in such overwhelming tones, that only occasional words could reach the ear of a distant listener.

He then reverted from the scene to the days of the Revolution, and briefly and eloquently noticed the character and services of the leading patriots Gov. Brooks, Putnam, Starks, Warren, Knowlton, and others.

He then alluded to the scanty remnant of revolutionary soldiers, present on this occasion, and drew down nine cheers for the old war worn veterans upon the platform.

The completion of the Monument, and its significant character as an emblem of the American History, and the American Republic, was his next theme; and he graced it with the brightest gems of lofty and elegant speech.

The presence of the Chief Magistrate of the United States was noticed in an elegant and appropriate manner, and was responded to by the vast multitude in three hearty cheers for the representative of the people, which Mr. Tyler properly acknowledged.

His Excellency, Marcus Morton, Governor of Massachusetts, was also appropriately noticed and cheered.

Mr. Webster then welcomed the different delegations from abroad and particularly from New York, Pennsylvania and Maine, &c., in a handsome manner.

The history of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and its effects upon the destinies of the Colonies, was his next theme. He considered this battle not only the first blow struck in the war but the blow which determined the issue of the war.

He then took a philosophical view of the character and effects of the American Revolution, in connection with the causes which produced it and the elements of the American character; and contrasted the history of English colonies with that of the Spanish Colonies of South America, in order to show how much superior were our own advantages in respect to the objects of Colonization, and the character of the Colonies.

He then reviewed the grand results of the American revolution—and the grandest of all, he said, was this, it had furnished the world with the character of Washington.

The name of Washington was received with immense cheering, louder and deeper, and more general than at any time before.

Mr. Webster's eulogy upon this venerated patriot was the most powerful and soul-stirring portion of his discourse.

He portrayed Washington in all his lofty dignity, his noble simplicity, his unsullied purity, by a series of the most magnificent figures, and an apostrophe which was never excelled even by the great orator himself.

Mr. Webster then called to the minds of his hearers, their present condition as a people, and their present duties, and closed by a splendid pa-

triotic appeal in behalf of the Republic and her institutions, which will live, we doubt not, as one of those noble passages of lofty eloquence and wise admonitions, which drop but seldom from the lips of our statesmen, and are kept as rich legacies for the gratification of future generations.

Mr. Webster was immediately greeted by several old Revolutionary soldiers, with tears in their eyes, and by numerous friends who had listened to his remarks.

The procession was then reformed and returned to the city as stated in the previous order.

The spectacle presented in the Monument square, during the delivery of the Oration was picturesque and splendid in the extreme.

Horrid Tragedy.—We learn from the Fredricksburg (Va.) Democrat, the following particulars of a most atrocious affair, which occurred in Madison. It seems that a young man named Ford was severely punished for some offence, by a man named Back. The brothers of Ford, two or three in number, were highly incensed on account of the occurrence, and threatened revenge. One day last week, the parties met by agreement, some miles from home, near James City—armed and accompanied by friends. Efforts were made to prevent a meeting; but to no avail. Back coolly ordered a coffin, and went to the place appointed, armed with pistols and a scythe. One of the Fords approached him with a scythe; with a pistol in his other hand, to be used, if Back resisted. Resistance being made, the pistol was discharged, and Back fell, the ball having entered his head. The parties, we understand, have heretofore sustained a good character; which makes this transaction doubly barbarous.

Horrid Murder in the Massachusetts State Prison.—The very melancholy news divides upon us, to state that the estimable Warden of the State Prison, Charles Lincoln, Esq., was murdered yesterday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, in one of the work shops of the State Prison, at Charlestown, by a convict named Abner Rogers, Jr. Mr. Moses Jaquith, of this city, our informant, states that he had been visiting the different departments of the prison, in company with Mr. Lincoln, and when they were in the Upholstery room, while Mr. L. was in conversation with an over-seer respecting some work, the convict Rogers, who was employed in making mattresses, left his bench and approached Mr. Lincoln in the rear and stabbed him with a shoemaker's knife in his neck, completely severing the jugular vein. He fell to the floor and died instantaneously.—The sight was appalling, and struck all with terror. The over-seers and prisoners rushing to the body and raised it up, but life was extinct. The prisoner evinced a feeling of deep regret at the death of their kind keeper. The murderer was immediately secured and put in irons. No cause can be assigned for this deplorable act. The murderer has been obstinate and unruly for some time past. Mr. Lincoln was an upright, humane, and efficient officer, and a worthy and esteemed citizen, and his loss will be severely felt in our community.

The murderer Rogers was a second comer, and was serving out his additional sentence of six months, passed upon him in the Municipal Court, by Chief Justice Williams in March last, which will expire on the 28th of September next.—*Boston Atlas of Friday.*

The Oregon Country.—A late number of the London Times says the negotiations in reference to this territory are quietly and steadily progressing in London, and has no doubt that in another year the ministers will be able to lay before the nation an satisfactory settlement of the north western as they have of the north-eastern boundary of the United States.

Nautical Inventions.—Mr. Clements, an Englishman, has lately invented several nautical instruments of great value. They have been fully experimented upon by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and £200 awarded to the inventor. It is supposed they will be brought into use in her Majesty's navy. These instruments are the spherometer, marine thermometer, and steam thermometer. The spherometer is an instrument by which the speed of a vessel is self-recorded, so that it is easy to discover, under any circumstances, which is the best trim of the vessel and the most advantageous quantity and distribution of the sails for obtaining the greatest speed. The marine thermometer shows the exact depth of water over which the vessel is passing; so that the mariner, by looking at a dial plate, may be made aware of the proximity of rocks or shoals. The steam thermometer indicates every variation of temperature in the steam in the boiler of a steamboat, and would be of great use in preventing explosion.

Ballooning the Atlantic.—Mr. J. Wier, the celebrated balloonist, gives notice to all the world, that he will very shortly make an aerial trip with his balloon, across the Atlantic. He thus concludes his communication.

The balloon is to be one hundred feet in diameter, which will give a net ascending power of twenty-five thousand pounds—being amply sufficient to make every thing safe and comfortable. A sea-voyage by boat is to be used for the car, which is to be depended on, in case the balloon should happen to fail in accomplishing the voyage. The boat would also be calculated upon in case the regular current of wind should be diverted from the course by the influence of the ocean, or through other causes. The crew to consist of three persons, viz: a Pilot, Navigator, and a Scientific Landsman.

Therefore, the people of Europe, Africa, Asia, and all other parts, on the ocean or elsewhere, who have never seen a balloon, will bear in mind that it is a large globe made of cloth, enclosed in a network, with a sloop hanging underneath it, containing the "latest news from the United States," with the crew of the world's obedient servant.

JNO. WISE.

Sunggle's youngest, Julia Augusta Sunggle, said the other day:

"Poppy, is the walls around forts any relation to the sheep?"

"No, my love. Why do you ask?"

"Cause I heard uncle Bob talking about the ramparts of a fort, the other day."

"Be quiet child, and go to your room."

"But, Poppy, them are ramparts not like fish, are they?"

"Nay, my child. What on earth put that into your head?"

"Why, cos uncle Bob said when he was in Flanders one night, he was obliged to scale the ramparts."

"Eliza, feed this child on razor straps and knife handles."

Sunrise.—The following pretty description is by Grace Harkaway,—

"The first that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first that glimmers in the opening eye of morning—the silent song—the flowers breathe—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrelsy—to which the modest brook bristles applause—these swelling out the sweetest of creation's matins, seem to pour some merry tale into delight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled over the telling of it."

A hare and a fox met one day on a vast prairie, and after a long conversation they proposed to start on their several routes. The hare, pleased with the fox, lamented that they would, in all probability, separate forever.

"No," replied the fox, "we shall meet again, never fear."

"Where?" inquired his companion.

"In the hunter's shop, to be sure," rejoined the fox, tripping lightly away.

MONEY.—The Journal of Commerce says, that there never was a time when money was so plenty among all classes of merchants as now,—that a few days since a sale at auction was made to the growers to the amount of \$150,000, with the offer to discount the legal interest for cash, and that only twenty

thousand dollars in notes were received,—the purchasers preferring to pay cash. The rate of discount on lists of good notes without endorsers is five per cent, and for selections, four per cent.

A cheerful Philosophy.—The following truthful and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books:

"There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is so disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad—is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes on, like sunshine, quietly through the world."

A Touch of the Mark.—It has been confidently asserted that the black snake of North America, has the property of expanding itself to such a degree, that he has been known to swallow a bulk twice as big as his own. Two of these reptiles having lately come in contact, and both feeling the demands of appetite, the first assailant began on the tail of the other with such vigor that he soon made his antagonist look about, who, believing in the doctrine of retaliation, began to pay him in his own coin, and they thus began mutually to swallow each other, until not a vestige of either was to be seen.

Head Le Luc.—Lucie is now growing in the garden of R. S. Ludlam, at the Mansion House on Cape Island, New Jersey, and close to the sea, a Head Lettuce, which measures the extraordinary circumference of four feet and a half. This noble plant was raised, with many others of the same species, brown Dutch, from seed sown in the fall, protected in cold frames during winter, transplanted into the open garden the first week in February, surviving, with others, the most severe frosts last March.

The Rochester Widow, who went about a few months since, in the State of New York, marrying all the "green ones" who had any thing to say, could get hold of, has made her appearance again, and "come round" a widower of Gosport, by listening to his love stories. She succeeded in getting about \$400 from him without marriage, and soon after was missing.

Extraordinary Pedestrianism.—A gentleman on Tuesday last, left Baltimore at 6 o'clock A. M., and walked from there to Bladensburg, from Bladensburg to Upper Marlborough, and from Upper Marlborough to Washington, which he reached at ten minutes before seven o'clock the same evening—thus walking a distance of 63 miles in less than thirteen consecutive hours!

The Indians Again.—An attempt was made by two Indians, near Newnansville, Florida, on the 28th ult., to murder a lady. She was shockingly injured, but will probably survive. The savages escaped.

Hard Times.—At a large sale, in New York on Tuesday, of choice bottled wine, some 200 bottles of Madeira brought three dollars per bottle, and five bottles brought eleven dollars and a half per bottle.

THE RULING PASSION.—Cassius told his robe around him, and fell with dignity "even at the base of Pompey's Statue."

John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence, with the word Independence on his lips.

Thomas Jefferson's last words, on the same day, were—"Warn the Committee (of Public Safety) of their danger."

Napoleon died, with the professional phrase, "A *Tide of Fortune*," trembling on his tongue.

Gen. Harrison's last words (supposed to be addressed to Mr. Tyler) were—"Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government, I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

Captain Lawrence's dying injunction was "Don't give up the Ship." Commodore Bunkin, when he lay struggling in death, summoning all his energies for a final effort, exclaimed—"Call all hands to board the enemy."

And recently, Commodore Porter, when dying in a foreign land, directed as his last request, that "his body should be buried at the foot of the flag-staff, that even after death, the glorious stars and stripes of America might wave over him!"—*Raleigh Register.*

Married.
In Union, Elijah Vose, Esq. to Miss Mary B. True.

In Belfast, Wm. H. Vose, of Thomaston, to Miss Charlotte Pitcher.

In Albion, Thos. F. Bradstreet, Esq. of Jefferson, to Miss Caroline T. Whitaker. Dr. Albert Pearson to Miss Adeline Baker.

In Brunswick, Capt. Arthur W. Giles, of Gardiner, to Miss Rebecca R. Dunham.

In Hallowell, Mr. James Thomas to Miss Paulina Wier.

In Pittsfield, Charles Moore, of Waterville, to Miss Olive L. Jacobs.

Obituary.
In Fayette, June 12, at the residence of Jas. H. Hutchinson, Mrs. Abigail McNeal, aged 52.

In Vassaboro', Mary, consort of Dea. Jos. Colman, aged 70.

In Whitefield, Sarah Ann, wife of Mr. Isaac C. Cloutier, aged 27.

In Brunswick widow Judith Hopkins, aged 38.

In China, Rev. D. Watson Dox, aged 38.

In Dixmont, 8th inst. Benj. Bateman, Esq. aged 80. Mr. Bateman was one of the men upon the stage of active life in the times of our revolutionary struggle—a man of active mind and of persevering enterprise, and who entered with all the energies of youth into the struggles of his country, and personally took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was one of the first settlers in Dixmont, where for many years he was a successful farmer, and where he has left enduring memorials of his skill and industry, and a large and highly respectable family.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, June 12, 1843. [Reported for the Boston Daily Advertiser, &c.]

At market 400 Beef Cattle, 12 pairs Working Oxen, 20 Cows and Calves, 600 Sheep, and 540 Swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle.—Prices were not sustained on the second and third quality. We quote first quality 5 25 a 5 50; second quality 4 75 a 5; third quality 4 a 4 75.

Working Oxen.—No sales noticed.

Cows and Calves.—Sales at \$14, 18, 22 and 27.

Sheep.—Lots were sold at 1 50, 1 75, and 2 50.

Swine.—Lots to peddle at 1 25 for Sows, and 5 1-2c for Barrows. A lot of small pigs at 6 and 8.

At retail from 5 to 7c.

HIGH SCHOOL.
THE Subscriber would take this reasonable opportunity to inform the citizens of Winthrop and vicinity, that he contemplates opening a high school in this village during the coming fall, to commence the first Monday in Sept. Instruction will be given in any of the various branches taught in our Common Academies, and in the Latin and Greek Languages.

TERMS OF TUITION. For quarter of 11 weeks, Common English Studies, \$3.00.

The higher branches of Mathematics and the ancient Languages, \$4.00.

Nothing of a Sectarian nature will be taught; neither will any Sectarian regard be withheld or bestowed upon any who may feel disposed to place themselves, or their children under his tuition. To impart thorough instruction in the different branches pursued in the School, without any regard to the religious opinions of parents or children, will be the earnest endeavor of the Teacher. Should he receive a liberal patronage during the coming fall, he intends to establish a permanent School; and hence, a deeper interest will be felt, on his part, than can reasonably be expected of those transient teachers, who, on leaving College engage in School teaching for a few months only, for the purpose of procuring funds to enable them to pursue some other profession.

F. POSTER.

Winthrop, June 12th 1843.

DRY GOODS—CHEAP.
F. LYFORD

Would inform the readers of the Farmer, that he has now open a large assortment of DRY GOODS, selected with great care for the country and village trade, which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Always on hand, a great variety of the Merrimac PRINTS at 12 1-2 cts. per yard.

Also, RICH SILKS, Chalias, M. D. LAINES, Printed Lawns, &c. &c. Plain and Wrought M. D. LAINES and Hdkfs. A large assortment of GLOVES and HOSIERY, very low. Sheetings, Tickings, Drillings, and Summer Cloths, cheap.

Also, THICK CLOTHS, together with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.

Straw Goods.
Received weekly from the Manufacturers every description of Straw and Florence Bonnets, which will be sold at Boston prices, in less than can be purchased at any other place in this vicinity, purchasers themselves being judges.

Hallowell, June 23, 1843.

WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.

10 percent discount for cash!
THE subscriber would inform the public that he has been to considerable expense in fitting up his Carding Machines, which are now in first rate order. He has two sets of machines, and can furnish those who come from a distance with their Rolls the same day they bring their Wool.

Ten per cent discount from former prices will be made to those who pay Cash on delivery of rolls. CLOTH DRESSING done as usual.

FOR SALE.
One Double Carding Machine, in good repair. JAMES H. MERRILL.

Winthrop, June 21, 1843.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the Counties of Kennebec and Oxford.

WE, the undersigned, would respectfully represent to your honors that the road leading from Dixfield village to Augusta, by Canton Mills, Bretton's Mills, (so called,) in Livermore, and Wayne village, is much travelled, especially by loaded teams. We would further represent, that said road is circuitous and has some bad hills between said Bretton's Mills and Wayne village, and we fully believe that the public good requires that an alteration should be made in the same. We would, therefore, petition your honors to lay out a new road from said Bretton's Mills to Norris' Ferry, in said Livermore, and from said Norris' Ferry to Wayne village, or make such alteration in the road as now travelled, between said points especially, so as to avoid wholly or in part, the hill near Mr. James Husley's, in Livermore, and Beach hill in Wayne, as in your judgment the travelling community requires. And, as in duty bound, your petitioners would ever pray.

PALMER ELLIOTT and 51 others.

Nov. 23d, 1842.

COUNTY OF MAINE.
OXFORD, ss:— COURT OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, My term, 1843.

ON the petition presented, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are the master set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, That the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec, be requested to meet the Commissioners of said County at George Smith's tavern, in said Maine, on the twenty-second day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, and this order thereon to be served upon the chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Kennebec, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore, East Livermore, and Wayne, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Age, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford, and in the Maine Farmer, printed at Winthrop. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days, at least, before the time of said meeting, that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To Farmers.
ROBINSON & BAKER, SEED DEALERS, No. 26, Middle Street, Portland, have been appointed Agents for Maine, by the "Lodi Manufacturing Company," for the sale of the article known as

POUDRETTE.

Which is unsurpassed in its excellence over all other Manures ever before offered to the public. This article has been used in most of the States in the Union, for several years; in Flanders for more than a century; and in France for upwards of sixty years, and has produced not only the Cheapest, but the Best of any manures yet discovered.

IT IS WARRANTED,

of the printed directions are followed, to have the greatest and quickest effect upon vegetable matter—ripening crops from two to three weeks earlier than any other manure, and will cause a greater yield.

Abundant testimonials can be produced of its beneficial effects upon all grains, vegetables, grasses, plants, flowers, trees, &c., making it a desirable article for farmers and gardeners. It is in a dry powdered state, free from smell, and one gill put into a hill of corn, or double that quantity into a hill of potatoes, will add one third more in quantity of product. Five barrels of Poudrette is sufficient to manure an acre of corn.

The above is put up in barrels containing four bushels struck measure, at two dollars per barrel, and will be sold in less quantities at seventy-cents per bushel.

Orders for the above article, also for Clover, Herds Grass, Red Top, Fowl Meadow, &c., will be filled at all other articles in our list, promptly attended to.

Confidence Inspires Confidence.

NEW AND POSITIVE CURE FOR THE SALT RHEUM.

AND OTHER CUTANEOUS DISORDERS. JONES'S DROPS FOR HUMORS, a safe internal remedy for SCROFULA and diseases of the skin, such as SALT RHEUM, LEPROSY, SCALD HEAD, ERYSIPELAS, and all kindred diseases, external and internal.

These affections will do well to examine the ample testimonials of physicians and others, in the hands of his authorized Agents, where the medicine may be found, and where persons can be referred to who have experienced its happy effects in this State.

It seldom, if ever, having failed to perform a most satisfactory cure of the various cutaneous diseases, which it is designed, where the directions accompanying each bottle have been faithfully followed.

Don't fail or delay in calling, seeing, reading, and inquiring for yourselves. You will be induced to try, and thereby find the same wonderful effects as multitudes of others have.

AGENTS.

G. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott & Co., South China; Taber, East Vassaborough; Shawmut, Vassaborough; Corcoran & A. Farin, Shawmut; Anson, S. Morrill, Madison; Ingalls & Emerson, Mercer; A. W. F. Belcher, Farmington; Franklin Smith, Anson; J. H. Sawyer, Norridgewock; T. Chalmers, Albion; H. Whitehouse and John L. Seavey, Union; Louisa Waters, J. E. Small, Augusta; Samuel Adams, Hallowell; Henry Smith and Co., Gardiner; J. Wetoby, Richmond; S. Gardner, Bowdoinham; Edward Mason

Wool!
CASH and a fair price paid for wool at the Factory Store; where is kept constantly on hand, goods of all descriptions at low prices. Please call and examine.
Winthrop, June 20, 1843.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber has lately received as large and extensive an assortment of goods as can be found on the Kennebec, and offers the same for sale at the

Corner Store on Market Square Augusta.

Consisting in part of Summer Cloths from 8 to 15 cts per yard, Sheetings from 5 1-2 to 8 cts and Drillings from 6 1-2 to 7 1-2 cts.

Prints.
A good assortment of Prints, American from 5 to 12 1-2 cts per yard; London 16 3-4 cts per yd.

Flour and Corn.
100 Bbls Genesee, Ohio & Baltimore Flour.

200 Bushels Yellow, Flat & White Corn.

Provisions.
22 Bbls Clear and Mess Pork and Lard.

20 Qrs Cod and Haddock Fish.

1000 Lbs New York Cheese.

W. J. Goods Groceries.
20 Hhls Molasses, 10 Bags fine Salt, 18 Bags Java, Portocello, and St. Domingo Coffee, Raisins 25 lbs for \$1, 50 Drums Sultana Raisins 16 lbs for \$1.

Box Raisins of the first order, S. Shong Tea first quality 44 cts per lb, Green Tea 58 cts per lb., common Brown Sugar 16 lbs for \$1, Molasses Sugar 2 cts per lb. Crushed Sugar 11 1-2 cts per lb. Powder, Salt, Cigars, Spices, Tobacco, Snuff &c.

Oil and Lead.
Lined Oil, Chemical Oil, Pure Spring Sperm Oil 62 3-4 cts Bled. do 75 do., and common do 58 cts per gal. Dry and ground White Lead, Pure, Extra, No. 1 and No. 2.

Match s.
30 Gross Bath Matches will be sold at the Factory price.

HARD WARE.
Nails, Glass, Knives & Forks, Steel, Shovels, Hoes and numerous other articles which will be sold at wholesale or retail as low as can be bought on the River. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call



POETRY.

THE FARMER.

Editors of the Farmer:—Sitting by my kitchen fire one cold evening, not long ago—musing upon the various conditions, occupations, and amusements of mankind, I came to this conclusion: "Of all pursuits mankind invent, 'The farmer is the best content.'"

All that can contribute to the sum of human happiness, the farmer enjoys, or may enjoy. I voluntarily, as it were, fell into the following reflections, which, if they possess merit enough, you are at liberty to insert in the columns of the *Central New York Farmer*.

Give me the life a farmer leads,
Let me pursue the path he treads;
Let me put on the garb he wears,
And share the happiness he shares.

'Tis true—he labors hard by day,
But then at night he takes his rest;
Whistling he whistles the hours away,
And cheerful is—and always blest.

He tills the earth to get his bread,
Or drives the plough, or mows or reaps;
But never has an aching head,
Caused by the *Vigils* *Avarice* keeps.

His business calls him to the fields,
And leads him from the haunts of strife;
Contentment—sweetest comforts yield,
And is the tenor of his life.

He spends his life in "pleasing toil,"
Striving to benefit mankind;
He labors, both "to till the soil,"
And "cultivate the human mind."

Death calls the pious man away,
And lays him down in peace to rest;
His home is now—where endless day
Encircles him, among the blest.

Give me to lead the life he leads,
To wear the rustic garb he wears;
To tread the quiet path he treads—
And share the future joys he shares!—
Let my best efforts, aim, and object be,
To be as useful to mankind as he.

BARD OF LEE.

March 14, 1843.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I'm not old,
And my locks are not turned gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's veins,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I'm old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true, it is very true;
I'm old, and I'll hide my time,
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I'll half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I'm with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing,
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smoother call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I'm willing to die when my time is come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a dreary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will sink
In treading its gloomy way;
And it whistles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

PRAYER ON BUNKER'S HILL.

BY MRS. L. H. SPOUNER.

During the battle of Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and gray head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country.

It was an hour of dread and fear,
High rose the battle-cry,
And round, in heavy volumes, spread
The war-cloud to the sky.
'T was not as when in rival strength
Contenting nations meet,
Or love of conquest madly huris
A monarch from his seat;

Yet one was there unused to tread
The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Saviour's flock had fed
Beside the fount of life.
He knelt him where the black smoke wreath'd,
While for an infant land, he breathed
The agony of prayer.

The column red with early morn,
May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly tell a race unborn,
Their patriot fathers might;
But thou, oh patriarch, old and gray,
Thou prophet of the free,
Who knelt among the dead that day,
What fame shall rise to thee?

It is not meet, that brass or stone,
Which feel the touch of time,
Should keep the record of a faith
That woke the dead sublime;
We trace it on a tablet fair,
Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

THE LONELY HEART.

O, sad and lonely is the heart
That nothing, nothing, to love;
Which has no kindness to impart—
Sees nothing to approve.

The morning and the sunset sky,
So glorious to behold,
When it assumes the brilliancy
Surpassing moulten gold—

Seems but the dark and dreary pall,
Thrown over the loved and true;
It sees no beauty there, though all
Is changeable and new.

The blessed flowers may bloom around—
Distill their sweet perfume;
Alas! the sorrowing heart is found
As cheerless as the tomb.

Earth cannot fill the vacant place—
For grief there is no balm;
Life is a cheerless void of space,
Of terror and alarm.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duties of Woman.

MESSENGER EDITORS:—Much has been said of late concerning the duties and influence of woman. She seems to be considered as a model after which man should pattern. She is required to possess a gentle and susceptible heart, and mild and forgiving disposition, winning gracefulness and correct deportment. In all these requirements, I grant, men possess good taste and exercise sound judgment. She is required to be cheerful always, and that a smile should ever rest upon her countenance, let her troubles be whatever they may.—"But permit me to inquire, are you, ye who so proudly term yourselves 'lords of creation,' are ye able thus to do?—ye who term ours the weaker sex? Could ye smile, think ye; a-k your own hearts, could your eyes beam with pleasure on the being who cursed ye without cause? Could ye force a smile to your lips when gazing on an intoxicated companion? Could ye delight in one who had robbed ye of all earthly enjoyment? Could ye comfort and console one by whom your condolence was received with scornful reproaches, and repelled with threats and curses upon your heads, and who had cruelly and unjustly deprived your children of their daily support?

Perhaps it will be said that this is an overwrought fancy sketch of suffering; but nay, we witness the sad reality of this in our daily walks through life. We are pained by the recital of suffering in every quarter of our globe, caused by the inhumanity of man.—But our sex, say you, is by nature gentle, and can better bear the burden of life without murmuring. Permit me to ask you if she must, or if she can bear all the ills and shameful reproaches that are cast upon her name by the cold and heartless world? Your own conscience answers nay, nay,—and methinks you would consider that woman devoid of moral courage and a sense of her own real merit, who would not resent an injury or repel a vile aspersion against her reputation. True, woman can do much, and delights in alleviating the cares of a kind and affectionate husband; but when man cruelly and wrongfully oppresses her without thinking for a moment that he inflicts an unjust pang, what woman, endowed with susceptible feelings, could forever endure without complaint, and wretch her brow with smiles? Can she smile on him who has taught and given her cause to detest him? You make no distinction of situations. If man is fretful, woman must chase away his cares and perplexities.—This she may do; it is in her power, and she willingly performs the task when rendered pleasant by kind reception. But if blame and curses greet her on the approach of her husband, can she smile when her heart with grief is bursting. Methinks, even you, ye 'lords of creation,' would consider that woman devoid of energy who could cheerfully bear the cruelty of one who had no cause thus to conduct.

Woman, I gladly confess occupies a wide sphere in which to exert a beneficial influence.—It is in her power to render even incessant toil a pleasure! It is hers to quiet the anxieties of a care-worn mind. She it is who can administer the balm of consolation to the wounded heart; and by her influence, home may be rendered the most pleasing place on earth. But must she alone perform the task? Must she alone abide life's troubles and brave alone the storm? Is this alone the task of woman?—tho' she may be chiefly instrumental if all mankind oppose her, her efforts must be limited!

Has man no part to perform? has he no virtuous thought to prompt him to co-operate with woman? O could ye but be placed in the situation which she too often occupies and be blamed for the conduct of an unworthy husband, as she is wrongfully reproached by many, at her own cost, your conscience methinks would not condemn you, should frowns settle thickly upon your brow!—what woman, blest with the spirit of ambition, could endure the companionship of an indolent and worthless husband? What woman endowed with a sense of right and wrong, would not grieve, yea, frown at the approach of him who spends his nights in riotous reveling and meets her with a curse upon his lips? ANGELS even would frown their displeasure upon him, and he would be condemned by the High and Holy One of Heaven.

Monmouth, June 1843.

HELLEN.

Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to get everything, and save all we get to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be the friend of no man, and to have no man for your friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

Singular Case.—A Western paper tells a story of a man who has just returned to Louisville after an absence of twenty years from his family. His wife in his absence supposing him dead, married a second and third time and became a widow.—The long lost husband has wooed her again, and they are to be married once more. In his absence he was captured off Cuba and for many years was a prisoner in Spain. He escaped and joined the army of Bolivar in South America, and fought in many battles. He found his old wife somewhat changed in every thing except her heart.

New Dictionary.—The latest definition of the term "kind husband," is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child on one arm, and a pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

[From The Ladies' Companion for June.]

The Unlucky Mistake.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I'll say as they say"—Comedy of Errors.

Mrs. Sinclair, though amiable and handsome, remained single till she was near forty, when she received and accepted the offer of marriage from Mr. Sinclair, a bachelor of about her own age. Soon afterwards, she unexpectedly came into possession of a large property, bequeathed by a distant relative. This good fortune was speedily followed by a severe affliction. Her husband, in every respect an estimable man, was taken suddenly ill and died. Having no near relations of her own, and those distant being already sufficiently affluent, she came to the determination to adopt one of the nieces of her late husband, should either of them please her. She had as yet seen none of his relatives, all of them residing in distant towns. She had, however, heard him express a great regard for his half-brother, whose name was Harden, which made her desirous to obtain some information relative to his family. As she was revolving the subject in her mind, she recollected that Mr. Sinclair had told her that a poor widow by the name of Mansfield, who procured a livelihood by sewing, was a sister to Mr. Harden's first wife, and on her she resolved to call in the hope of obtaining the information she desired. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the door of Mrs. Mansfield's humble dwelling. The widow answered her knock, and conducted her into a small but neat apartment.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to Mrs. Sinclair's inquiries, "that I can give you no satisfactory information concerning them. My sister, who was Mr. Harden's first wife, died in a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter a few weeks old, and I have never visited them since. His second wife has likewise a daughter, but as to the merits of either I am wholly in the dark."

At this moment a little girl, belonging to a family that occupied a part of the same house, entered with a letter in her hand.

"I have just been at the post-office for Mrs. Norris," said she, "and the post-master asked me to bring this letter to you. He said the postage was paid."

"This must be from one of the Hardens," said Mrs. Mansfield, "by the post-mark. After neglecting me eighteen years, I don't know why they should notice me now."

"I hope it is from one of the young ladies," said Mrs. Sinclair, "for some people say that you can judge of a woman's character by her letters."

"Yes it is from Florence, my niece," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking at the signature, and she was then going to lay the letter aside, but Mrs. Sinclair requested her to read it.

Her niece informed her that the perusal of some letters which she wrote to her mother about the time of her marriage, which she had recently found while overlooking some old papers, had awakened in her so strong a desire to see her, that she had, with her father's concurrence, written to her for the purpose of inviting her to spend several weeks with them.

"You must certainly accept the invitation," said Mrs. Sinclair; "it will afford you such an excellent opportunity to judge of the young ladies."

"I am afraid I shall be biased in favor of Florence," she replied, "especially if she should resemble her mother. I confess, however, that I have some inclination to make the visit, though Florence does not intimate that her mother-in-law joins in the invitation."

Before Mrs. Sinclair took leave, Mrs. Mansfield had decided to write, in answer to her niece's letter, that she might expect her in two weeks, for having some sewing on hand which she was obliged to finish, it would be impossible for her to go sooner.

Two days before the one Mrs. Mansfield had set for her journey, Mrs. Sinclair again called on her. "I have been thinking," said she, "that I should like to accompany you on your visit to the Hardens, if it will be agreeable to you."

"It certainly will be," replied Mrs. Mansfield; "but should they not be apprized of your intended visit?"

"It would have been proper, but if I go with you, it is now too late; and as they are people of wealth and fashion, it can certainly be no inconvenience to them to receive two visitors instead of one."

It was finally arranged, that as Mrs. Mansfield lived entirely alone, and would have no one to prepare her breakfast, that she should spend the night previous to their departure, with Mrs. Sinclair. Her trunk was therefore conveyed to the splendid mansion of the rich widow, and placed in the hall, and after carefully extinguishing the fire and locking the door, she followed herself. The next morning they had just risen from the breakfast table, when Mrs. Mansfield, in running up stairs to procure something she had left in her chamber, slipped and sprained her ankle. At first, the injury appeared to be slight, but the ankle soon became so swollen, and grew so painful, that she found she must give up all idea of undertaking the proposed journey. Mrs. Sinclair said that she would likewise remain, but against this Mrs. Mansfield urged so many objections, that she concluded to go, provided she would promise to remain at her house, where she should receive every necessary attention, till she had entirely recovered from the effects of the accident. This point was scarcely settled, when the stage-coach drove up before the house. In the hurry and bustle of the moment, Mrs. Sinclair did not observe that Mrs. Mansfield's trunk, in the room of her own, was transferred from the hall to the back of the coach. It was not until they had arrived at the hotel, where she was going to stop for the night, that she discovered the mistake, and she then concluded not to return it, as Mrs. Mansfield might possibly be able to come herself in the course of a few days. It was about an hour before sunset on the following day, that the driver, stopping his horses in front of a large white house, half embowered amidst shrubbery and trees, opened the coach door, and said, "This is where Mr. Harden lives." As soon as Mrs. Sinclair had alighted, she saw a beautiful girl hastening down the gravel walk to welcome her.

"My dear aunt Mansfield," said she, holding out her hand, "how glad I am that you have not disappointed me!"

"Shall I set your trunk just inside the gate, ma'am?" said the driver, before she had time

to inform Florence that her name was Sinclair.

"If you please," she replied in answer to the driver, and again turning to Florence, was about to make an explanation, but at the moment she was going to commence, Florence again addressed her as aunt Mansfield, and expressed her regret that her father had been obliged to leave town a few days previous, on account of business, and would probably be detained several weeks. The information suddenly suggested the plan of suffering the family to take her for Mrs. Mansfield; as from her they had nothing to hope, she imagined they would not be likely to assume virtues which they did not possess.—She did not repent the plan she had decided upon, when she entered the parlor; she received a very cord welcome from Mrs. Harden and her daughter, Melissa.

"Have you dined to-day, aunt?" said Florence, finding that her mother did not seem likely to make any inquiry of the kind.

"I have not," she replied. "On account of being overladen, we arrived so late at the hotel where the passengers usually dine, that it gave us so little time, only a few attempted to eat anything."

"As aunt Mansfield has not dined," said Florence to her mother, in a low voice, "had I not better put a slice of ham upon the table?"

"Certainly, if your aunt wishes it," she replied, in a voice which took little pains to suppress—"but we are not in the habit of placing ham upon the tea table."

"I would not have you depart from your usual custom on my account," said Mrs. Sinclair; "I don't wish a better meal than I can make on bread and butter and tea."

"Melissa and I," said Mrs. Harden, "make a point of keeping a very plain table when Mr. Harden is absent, and what we save in that way we appropriate to charitable purposes. Perhaps, however, you are, one of those who do not think it proper to give to the poor lest it should encourage pauperism?"

"A widow," she replied, "who has nothing but what she earns with her own hands, may oftener possess the will than the means of relieving the destitute. I have, however, sometimes in an humble way, been able to impart relief so as to leave smiles on those faces which I found dimmed with tears."

A girl now appeared at the door, and requested Mrs. Harden to step into the adjoining apartment, as she wished to speak with her.

"Well, speak," said her mistress; "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then approaching her, addressed her in a low voice.

"I suppose," said she, "as you have got company, I must put the tea urn and the gill china upon the table."

"And I suppose you must do so such thing," said Mrs. Harden, in a petulant tone of voice, though so low she imagined it could not reach the ears of her unwelcome guest. "Let one piece be broken, and the set is spoiled."

"Well, I don't know what to make of your mother, she is so full of whims," said the girl to Florence, who was assisting her; "she told me, the other day, to put the gill china on the table whenever any real ladies and gentlemen were here, and if that aunt of yours isn't a real lady, I am no judge."

When they were seated at the table, Mrs. Harden filled a white china cup with a broken handle, resting in a blue and white saucer, with tea, and handed it to Mrs. Sinclair. The other cups and saucers were of a similar description, being evidently the relics of several demolished tea-sets.

Mrs. Sinclair requested Florence, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, to furnish her with writing materials, and before she retired to rest, she wrote an explanatory note to Mrs. Mansfield, to prevent her from forwarding her baggage, and to request her leave to make use of any articles of clothing contained in her trunk, which she might need.

Mrs. Sinclair had been in her room only a few minutes, when Mrs. Howell, who lived exactly opposite the 'Eagle Hotel,' was seen approaching the house. Melissa ran and met her at the gate.

"You cannot think how glad mother and I were, when we saw you coming," said she, "for soon after tea, we saw a splendid carriage and a pair of elegant chestnut horses drive by, and as we expect they went to the hotel, we thought that you might possibly know something about them."

"Yes, I have gathered a few particulars," she replied; "which I have come on purpose to tell you."

Mrs. Harden now appeared at the door, and welcomed Mrs. Howell with great cordiality.

"Mrs. Howell does know something about the people who passed by in that superb carriage," said Melissa.

"I knew so," said Mrs. Harden. "What is their name?"

"Evering," she replied.

"A family party, I suppose," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, and consisting of Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter."

"Is Mr. Evering rich?" inquired Melissa.

"As a nabob, and the son, whose name is Willard, and Eliza, the daughter, will probably have, at least, a million of dollars each."

"Where do they belong?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Ah, that is the very thing I came to tell you. They reside in H—, the very town where Melissa's rich aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, lives."

"As likely as not they are well acquainted with her," said Mrs. Harden.

"That is what I think," replied Mrs. Howell, "and this probability will, in my opinion, afford a plausible plea for your making some advances towards cultivating an acquaintance with them."

"But are they going to remain here long enough for such a step?" inquired Mrs. Harden.

"Oh, yes—I am told they intend to remain ten or twelve days."

"I have just hit upon a nice plan," said Melissa.

"What is it?" inquired her mother, and Mrs. Howell, both at once.

"Why, if they should spend the Sabbath in town, they will of course like to attend church, and they will undoubtedly receive it as a very polite mark of attention, should we offer them seats in our pew."

"A better plan could not be thought of," said Mrs. Howell. "It will naturally open the way to a better acquaintance."

"It would be as you say, an excellent plan,"

said Mrs. Harden, "were it not for one thing."

"What can that be?" inquired Mrs. Howell.

"Why, Florence's evil genius that is always at her elbow, I believe, must put it into her head that it would be exceedingly amiable in her to invite her aunt Mansfield to make us a visit. She accordingly importuned her father till she obtained his leave to send for her."

"Her aunt Mansfield? Why that must be the poor widow I have heard you speak about, who obtains a living by sewing."

"The very same, and would you believe it? she lives in H—, and I should not be surprised if the Everings knew her by sight, or as far as I know to the contrary, they may be among her employers."

"Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes she came this afternoon in the stage," replied Mrs. Harden. "You will see at once, that it will be impossible to invite the Everings to sit in the same pew with a person of her standing."

"But you forget that we have two pews," said Melissa.

"So we have," replied her mother. "You recollect the pew, Mrs. Howell, where Phoebe and Matty and Patrick sit. Mr. Harden purchased it on purpose for our hired help, and Florence and her aunt can sit there for once. Can you see any impropriety in such an arrangement, Mrs. Howell?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nor I," said Melissa. "It is true the pew is rather near the door, which would, as I should imagine, make it rather agreeable this warm weather, on account of the air. The only difference beside, is, that it is not carpeted and cushioned and lined with crimson velvet, like the one where we sit."

"Which this troublesome aunt Mansfield, not being accustomed to, will probably not even notice," said Mrs. Howell. "But sometimes people who have no luxuries at home, are the most exacting and consequential of any in the world, when they are abroad?"

"Luckily this is not the case with her.—She appears to be sensible of the inferiority of her station, and is very meek and accommodating."

"That will make her a little more endurable, then," said Mrs. Howell. "But I have been thinking that Florence might possibly object to sitting in the pew with the help."

"No, I don't think she will. Were her father at home she might, but now, as she has no one to appeal to, I think she will fall in with the arrangement without saying a word."

"Come, let us say no more about 'the aunt Mansfield' now," said Melissa. "I want to inquire if this Miss Eliza Evering is an elegant looking girl."

"Very, as nearly as I could judge by the slight opportunity I had of observing her; and her brother—so I have been told—ranks among the most graceful and fascinating young men in the United States. I think that he would be a fine match for you, Melissa."

"Thank you—but he is probably engaged," said Mrs. Harden. "Report says to the contrary, and really I know of no young lady who would, in my opinion, stand a better chance to make a favourable impression on him, than you. But it is growing late, and I must bid you good night."

(Concluded next week.)

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers have lately received an additional assortment and variety of NEW GOODS—now for sale at the

Brick Store, in Winthrop Village.

Consisting in part of British Sheetings from 1 yard to 11-4 yards wide, at 5 to 12 1-2 cents per yard. British Shirtings from 7 to 1 shilling per yard.

Summer Cloths.

Fancy Drills, Kremlin Cord, Hamilton Checks, &c. Fig'd and Black Giraffe Cloth. Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Satinets of different qualities, at prices to suit customers.

PRINTS.

The best assortment we have ever had. American and English Manufacture, from 4d to 22d per yard.

Mous de Laine, and a

New and Fancy article called *Crape de Laine*, Saxony Cloth single and double width, Shawls, Scarfs and Fancy H'ds, Silk & Worsted, Mohair & Shawls, Silk and Lace Veils, 6-4ths Check'd Cambrics and Muslin for Dresses. A variety of Lawns for summer Bonnets, Ribbons, Bonnets and Caps, narrow and wide, Gloves, &c. Curtains Fringes, Braids, Cords and Bindings, Ladies Mohair Gloves and Mitts, and Gent's Kid do. Linen and Cotton do., Neck and Pocket H'ds, Silk and Cotton do., Tassels and Cords. Certain Cambric, Sun Shades and Umbrellas.

Tailors' Trimmings, A general assortment.

Crockery.

A large variety and quantity, among which are China and Liverpool ware—Tea Sets—with plates, bowls &c. throughout of the same pattern.

Glass Ware.

Lamps, Tumblers, Nappies on Stands, Casters, Plates, Lanthorns &c.

W. T. GOODS,

Molasses, Tea and Sugar's, White and Brown Havana, Common and double refined do. Cask and Box Raisins, Spices of all kinds, Figs, Sweet Leaf, and Cavendish Tobacco, Powder and Shot, &c.

Hard Ware.

Knives and Forks, Door Handles, Butts and Screws, Jags and Auger Bits, Wrenches, Trunk Chest and Pad Locks, Percussion Gun Locks and Caps, Iron and Steel Shovels, Hoes, &c. Shoemaker's Kit throughout.

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Winthrop, May 23, 1843.

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Winthrop, May 23, 1843.

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